

# THE ARTIEL.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 7, 1830.

NO. 8.

We copy the following affecting lines from the Rochester Daily Advertiser—they are emphatically the poetry of the heart, fraught with feeling, and exquisitely touching. We do not recollect to have ever read a purer tribute to the memory of buried worth.—

## FAREWELL,

WRITTEN AT THE GRAVE—AT PARTING.

The polished monument is o'er the dead—  
The glittering drops are on it where they fell,  
The simple gate is locked to guard the bed,  
Dust of the beautiful and bright, farewell!

I came in anguish and in tears depart—  
For this my weary pilgrimage was made;  
In thy unconscious ear to pour my heart,  
And worship where thy lovely form is laid.

The vows are paid my spirit sought to pay—  
The thoughtless throng must see me weep no more,  
Back to the busy world I take my way,  
To seem as happy as I was before.

Yet, ere I go, were soul and voice as strong,  
As grief, in mortal agony, is deep,  
This voice should sound thy dusty bed along,  
In tone, to wake thee from thy dreamless sleep.

But no—'twere vain and useless at the best—  
One day, the Just will claim thee for his own;  
Beneath this marble weight thy form must rest,  
Till angels come to roll away the stone!

Farewell—the turf is laid—the paling set—  
The graven table placed, thy name to tell—  
The drops that fell remain upon it yet—  
Dust of the loved and wept, farewell! farewell!  
Washington, June 26, 1830.

## THE TRAVELLER.

From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

### THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

TUPAI, THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEF WHO VISITED ENGLAND IN 1820.

We propose laying before our readers some account of a New Zealander in England, the last of his nation, we believe, who has visited this country. He was discovered, if we may use the expression, by Dr. Traill, of Liverpool, who was called in to attend him as he lay ill of the measles at Liverpool, in the lodging of Mr. Reynolds, Captain of a South Sea trader, in whose vessel he had made the voyage to England. The particulars concerning this sagacious native of New Zealand had been furnished by Dr. Traill to the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge. We cannot give Tupai Cupa a better introduction to our readers, than by borrowing from the book before us the account of the extraordinary manner in which he first presented himself to Captain Reynolds, and which it is very truly observed "strikingly evinces the intrepidity and energy of his character:—

"While the Urania was sailing through Cook's Strait, which, as has been mentioned, divides the two islands that constitute New Zealand, three large canoes, containing together between seventy and eighty natives, were seen making for the vessel, to the no small alarm of the crew, who prepared, however, to give the savages a warm reception in case their intentions should prove hostile. As the larger canoe approached, one of the natives in it stood up, and by signs and a few words of broken English intimated his desire

to be taken on board. This was Tupai Cupa. His request was refused by Captain Reynolds, who was apprehensive of some treachery; but as it was observed that there were no arms in the canoe, it was suffered to come close up to the ship. On this the resolute savage, though the Captain still persisted in declining to receive him, sprung from his place among his countrymen, and in an instant was on the deck. The first thing he did after getting on board was to order the canoes to retire some distance. This was to show that his intentions were entirely peaceful. He then by signs not to be mistaken, asked the captain for fire-arms; and when his request was refused, he immediately announced the determination he had formed of proceeding, in spite of all opposition, to England. 'Go Europe,' said he, 'see King Georgy.' Embarrassed by this resolution, the Captain, after trying in vain to persuade him to re-enter his canoe, at last ordered three of his stoutest seamen to throw him overboard. All the New Zealanders, he knew, swim well, and the canoes were still at no great distance. Tupai, however, perceived what was intended; and instantly throwing himself on the deck, seized two ring-bolts with so powerful a hold that it was impossible to tear him away without such violence as the humanity of Captain Reynolds would not permit. When this struggle was over, the chief, for such it could be no longer doubted that he was, feeling himself to be firmly established on board, called out to his people in the canoes that he was on his way to Europe, and ordered them to return to the shore. His command was instantly obeyed. For some days Captain Reynolds made several attempts to land him on different parts of the neighboring coast, but could not effect his object on account of the winds. In these circumstances, finding he could do no better, he gave up the expectation of getting rid of his unwelcome guest, and resolved to make his situation on board his ship as comfortable as he could. By degrees the manners of the New Zealander won the respect and attachment of the seamen; and before the vessel reached Lima they were on the best terms. At Monte Video an incident occurred which knit Tupai and Captain Reynolds in indissoluble friendship. The Captain fell overboard and would have perished but for the intrepidity of Tupai, who plunged after him into the water, and having caught hold of him as he was sinking, supported him with one hand, while he swam with the other, till they were both again taken on board."

The object of this self-devotion on the part of Tupai, was to obtain a supply of fire-arms. His dominions in his native country it seems, judging from the description given by himself of the territory over which he ruled, exceeded in extent those of all the New Zealand chiefs with whom Europeans are acquainted. Yet in a war, in which he had been engaged with Shungle, he had been one of the principal among the many sufferers by the devastating proceedings of that chief, on his return from Europe with a supply of fire-arms. The two chiefs had met and fought, and Tupai was defeated. He felt the advantage which his antagonist had derived from the possession of fire-arms; and the desire of putting himself on an equality in that respect, had determined him to visit Europe. With that view he threw himself into the hands of Captain Reynolds in the manner already related.

The defeat of Tupai had been followed by consequences which made a strong impression on his mind, and the recollection of which assisted much in developing his character to his European friends. After the battle he had taken refuge with a few of his followers in one of his pahs or hill-forts, and from this strong hold, among other atrocities committed on his people, he had seen two of his children cut up and devoured by his merciless victor. The effect which the remembrance of this horrid sight produced, as described in the account of him furnished us by the volume now before us, is as follows:—

"This horrible outrage, although he doubtless was accustomed to those scenes of frantic barbarity which are so common in the wars of his country, seems to have riven his heart with unextinguishable agony, and the memory of that hour continued to burn within him throughout every change of scene. When in England, he was greatly moved the first time he saw one of Dr. Traill's sons, a boy about four years of age. Taking the child on his knee, he kissed him and wept; and when asked the reason of his emotion, he replied that the little fellow was just the age of one of his own boys, whom he had seen killed and eaten. He then, with a voice and frame tremulous with agitation, detailed the manner in which his child was butchered: and his face assumed an expression in the highest degree terrific, when he intimated by a few hurried words, and by signs not easily misunderstood, that he had beheld his enemy scoop out its eyes and devour them. His paroxysm of grief subsided into muttered threats of vengeance; and it was evident that the hope of an approaching day of retribution was now the most cherished thought of his heart."

The following passages represent him in a milder light:—

"Although he had come to England, however, merely to obtain the means of meeting his great enemy in equal battle, he professed to be determined to discourage, on his return, those ferocious excesses with which his countrymen were wont to heighten the unavoidable horrors of war. It was customary among them, he acknowledged, to drink the warm blood of those whom they slew in fight; but he declared that he would no longer permit his own tribe to do so. Nor should he himself, he said, ever again eat raw flesh, or kill any one except in battle; but he would try to live in all respects like the white men. Notwithstanding the savage customs, indeed, in which he had been educated, Tupai gave many evidences of a naturally humane and affectionate disposition; and was besides so manifestly a man of shrewd observation and general intelligence, that it can hardly be supposed the opportunity he had of becoming acquainted with civilized life would fail to impress him forcibly with a sense of the dark and degraded condition of his own country. Whether he would have sufficient authority, or energy of character, to introduce any salutary reforms among his people when he got back to New Zealand, obliged as he would be to act alone and unsupported, and placed again in the midst of many influences unfavourable to such an attempt, may reasonably be doubted."

"During the time he remained in England, however, he was very inquisitive in regard to whatever he conceived his own country stood most in need of, among the objects which he chanced to fall in with. Dr. Traill took him

several times out with him in his gig on short excursions to the country in the neighbourhood of Liverpool; and on these occasions he had many questions to ask, which he put with much sagacity. Every thing relating to agriculture and smithwork especially interested him. His surprise at seeing how wheat grew and was converted into flour was as great as that which was exhibited by the chiefs of the Bay of Islands, when Duaterra first showed them the grain he had grown, and distributed among them the cake which he baked of it. It was found impossible to make Tupai comprehend the machinery of some of the more complicated mills he was taken to see; the only mode of communication which was practicable in the circumstances was too imperfect to enable his friends to convey to him the necessary explanations, even had he been in a condition to understand them. But on being shown a water-mill for grinding flour, he readily perceived how the fall of water moved the great wheel, and seemed also to conceive the manner in which the motion was communicated to the upper stone. Another machine, if it may be called so, of a very different description, was perfectly level to his capacity, and not a little surprised and delighted him. This was the bow, which, as we have already stated, is, strangely enough, entirely unknown in New Zealand, addicted as the people are to fighting, and although this seems to be one of the simplest and most obvious of warlike weapons. He repeatedly practised shooting with it, and expressed much pleasure on perceiving the force with which the arrow entered its object. Some bows and arrows which were presented to him by his friends in Liverpool were carefully put up and highly prized; and although he was aware that this instrument was very inferior in efficiency to the musket, he evidently looked upon it as a substitute of no mean value.

"His surprise was extreme the first time he saw a man on horseback. He asked at once, what kind of animal it was; and seemed utterly confounded when he beheld the rider leisurely dismount and walk away. He would often mention how greatly this had astonished him. When he became more familiar with the phenomenon he expressed a wish to get on horseback himself; and, having mounted, he was at first quite delighted to find the animal walking about with him; but on his chancing to slacken the reins, the horse set off, and poor Tupai was quickly thrown to the ground with some violence, a catastrophe he was by no means prepared for."

"Dr. Traill carried him one day to see a review of a regiment of dragoons, a spectacle of course altogether to his taste. The gay appearance of the troops—their evolutions in making a charge—and the command which the men exercised over their horses—all drew from him the warmest expressions of wonder and delight. Having asked to whom they belonged, and having been told to King George, he inquired if the King had many more such warriors? and on being informed that he had got a great many more, he immediately exclaimed, 'why then he—' he not give Tupai masquetry and swordy?' expressing at the same time his readiness to pay liberally for such commodities in spars and flax."

Concerning the religious notions of the New Zealanders, some idea may be formed from the following:—

"It is a curious illustration of the difficulty



of obtaining correct information as to many of the customs and opinions prevailing among a people whose social condition is very different from our own, that during all the time Tupai had been with Captain Reynolds, from their first meeting in New Zealand, till their arrival in England, the latter was never able to discover that his friend had any notion of a superior intelligence, or being, either good or evil. It was even a considerable time before Dr. Traill was able to ascertain the truth as to this matter. At last, one day, as they rode past a church, Tupai inquired whose great house it was, and was told that it was built by Englishmen for the purpose of praying to the Great Spirit in Heaven, who sends rain, and wind, and thunder. This explanation, being translated by Captain Reynolds, with the help of signs imitating the act of prayer, seemed to be understood; and Tupai being then asked if there was not also a great spirit in his country, answered, "Oh, yes—many; some good—some very bad—send storms and sickness." He intimated at the same time, by expressive signs, that his countrymen were in the habit of praying to all of them. He was afterwards taken to church, and seemed to comprehend the general meaning of the worship, which he observed with great attention. Some endeavors were made to impress upon him the doctrine of their being only one God; but the success of the attempt remained doubtful.

The character of Tupai is thus related:—  
"These anecdotes form altogether the most pleasing picture we possess of New Zealand character; and show what might be made of this warm-hearted people, were those unfortunate circumstances in the condition of their country removed, which turn so many of their best qualities to so bad a use, and make their sensibility, their bravery, even their ingenuity and intellectual capacity itself, only subservient to the inflammation of their mutual animosities, and the infusion of additional ferocity, and a more insatiable spirit of revenge into their interminable warfare. Tupai, while emancipated from these unhappy influences, and surrounded by the milder manners of civilized society, was all gentleness and affection. The barbarian, who had so often dealt death around him in the combat or the massacre, was now the playmate of children, and the complaint learner and imitator of the customs of peace. No one could have shown a finer natural disposition for all the amenities of civilised life. His gratitude for whatever little services were rendered to him was always expressed warmly and in such a manner as showed it came from his heart. On departing from Liverpool he took leave of Dr. Traill with much emotion; first kissing his hands, and then, evidently forgetting or disregarding in the warmth of his feelings the new forms which he had been taught since he came to Europe, and reverting to those which his heart doubtless deemed far more expressive, rubbing noses with him after the fashion of his native country with passionate cordiality. He assured the worthy physician at the same time, that if he would come to the Tupai's country he should have plenty to eat, and might carry away with him as much flax and as many spars as he pleased."

Tupai, in consequence of Dr. Traill's representations, became in some measure the object of the attention of the Government. Captain Reynolds was allowed to draw on the Treasury for a weekly sum, for the maintenance of his guest, who afterwards came to London, and thence embarked for New South Wales, carrying with him various agricultural and other useful implements presented to him by the Government.

#### FOR THE ARIEL. EPIGRAM.

"Friend Tom," says Ben, "I've view'd the world around;  
Disinterestedness I ne'er have found."  
"I must," quoth Tom, "from your opinion vary;  
For I have found it in—the Dictionary." W.

## SELECT TALES.

HENRY ST. CLAIR.

A PRIZE TALE, BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Henry St. Clair!—How at the mention of that name, a thousand dreams of friendship and youth—and of the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the magical influence of memory, are awakened!—How does the glance of retrospection go back to the dim ages of the past—from the childish merriment to the manly rivalry—from the banquet-hall and the pleasant festival, down to the silent and unbroken solitude of the tomb.

We were as brothers in childhood—St. Clair and myself,—brothers too in the dawning of manhood; and a more ingenuous and high-minded friend I never knew. Yet he was strangely proud—not of the world's gifts—wealth, family and learning—but of his intellectual power—of the great gift of mind which he possessed—the ardent and lofty spirit which shone out in his every action. And he might well be proud of such gifts. I never knew a finer mind. It was as the embodied spirit of poetry itself—the beautiful home of high and glorious aspirations.

Henry St. Clair was never at heart a Christian. He never enjoyed the visitations of that pure and blessed influence, which comes into the silence and loneliness of the human bosom, to build up anew the broken altars of its faith, and revive the drooping flowers of its desolating affections. He loved the works of the great God with the love of an enthusiast. But beyond the visible and outward forms—the passing magnificence of the heavens—the beauty and grandeur of the earth, and the illimitable world of waters, his vision never extended. His spirit never overlooked the clouds which surrounded it, to catch a glimpse of the better and more beautiful land.

I need not tell the story of my friend's young years. It has nothing to distinguish it from a thousand others; it is the brief and sunny biography of one upon whose pathway the sunshine of happiness rested, unshadowed by a passing cloud. We were happy in our friendship,—but the time of manhood came; and we were parted by our different interests, and by the opposite tendency of circumstances peculiar to each other.

It was a night of autumn—a cold and starless evening—I remember it with painful distinctness, although year after year has mingled with eternity,—that I had occasion to pass in my way homeward, through one of the darkest and loneliest alleys of my native city. Anxious to reach my dwelling, I was hurrying eagerly forward, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm; and a voice close in my ear whispered hoarsely—"Stop—or you are a dead man."

I turned suddenly. I heard the cocking of a pistol,—and saw by a faint gleam from a neighboring window, the tall figure of a man—one hand grasping my left arm, the other holding a weapon at my breast.

I know not what prompted me to resistance;—I was totally unarmed and altogether unacquainted with the struggle of mortal jeopardy. But I did resist,—and, one instant I saw my assailant in the posture described,—the next, he was disarmed and writhing beneath me. It seemed as if an infant's strength could have subdued him.

"Wretch!" I exclaimed, as I held his own pistol to his bosom, "what is your object!—Are you a common midnight robber—or bear you aught of private malice towards Roger Allston?"

"Allston!—Roger Allston!" repeated the wretch beneath me, in a voice which sounded like a shriek, as he struggled half upright against the threatening pistol. Great God! has it come to this? Hell has no pang like this meeting! "Shoot!"—he exclaimed, and there was a dreadful earnestness in his manner, which sent the hot blood of indignation

cold and ice-like upon my heart. "Shoot! you were once my friend—in mercy kill me!" A horrible suspicion flashed over my mind. I felt a sudden sickness at my heart—and the pistol fell from my hand.

"Whoever you may be," I said, "and whatever may have been your motive in attacking me, I would not stain my hands with your blood. Go—and repent of your crimes."

"You do not know me," said the robber, as with some difficulty he regained his feet, "even you have forgotten me. Even you refuse the only mercy man can now render me—the mercy of death—of utter annihilation!"

Actuated by a sudden and half defined impulse I caught hold of the stranger's arm, and hurried him towards the light of a street lamp. It fell upon his ghastly and death-like features, and on his attenuated form, and his ragged apparel. Breathless and eagerly I gazed upon him, until he trembled beneath the scrutiny. I pressed my hand against my brow, for I felt my brain whirl like the coming on of delirium. I could not be mistaken. The guilty wretch before me was the friend of my youth—one whose memory I had cherished as the holiest legacy of the past. It was Henry St. Clair. Yes—it was St. Clair!—but how changed since last we had communion with each other! Where was the look of intelligence, and the visible seat of intellect—the beauty of person and mind! Gone—and gone forever—to give place to the loathsomeness of a depraved and brutal appetite—to the vile tokens of a disgusting sensuality, and the deformity of disease.

"Well may you shudder," said St. Clair. "I am fit only for the companionship of demons: but you cannot long be cursed by my presence. I have not tasted food for many days;—hunger drove me to attempt your robbery—but, I feel that I am a dying man. No human power can save me,—and if there be a God, even He cannot save me from myself—from the undying horrors of remorse."

Shocked by his words, and still more by the increasing ghastliness of his countenance, I led the wretched man to my dwelling, and, after conveying him to bed, and administering a cordial to his fevered lips, I ordered a physician to be called. But it was too late;—the hand of death was upon him. He motioned me to his bed-side after the physician had departed; he strove to speak, but the words died upon his lips. He then drew from his bosom a sealed letter addressed to myself. It was his last effort. He started half upright in his bed—uttered one groan of horror and mortal suffering, and sunk back, still and ghastly, upon his pillow. He was dead.

I followed the remains of my unhappy friend to the narrow place appointed for all the living—I breathed to no one the secret of his name and his guilt. I left it to slumber with him.

I now referred to the paper which had been handed me by the dying man. With a trembling hand I broke the seal of the envelope, and read the following addressed to myself:

"If this letter ever reaches you, do not seek to find its unhappy writer. He is beyond the reach of your noble generosity—a guilty and a dying man. I do not seek for life. There is no hope for my future existence,—and death—dark, and terrible and mysterious as it may seem, is less to be dreaded than the awful realities with which I am surrounded."

"I have little strength to tell you the story of my fall. Let me be brief. You know how we parted from each other. You know the lofty hopes and the towering feelings of ambition, which urged me from your society—from the enjoyment of that friendship, the memory of which has ever since lingered like an upbraiding spirit at my side. I arrived at my place of destination; and aided by the introductory epistles of my friends, and the influence of my family, I was at once received into the first and most fashionable circles of the city.

"I never possessed those principles of virtue and moral dignity, the effect of which has

been so conspicuous in your own character. Amidst the flatteries and attentions of those around me, and in the exciting pursuit of pleasure, the kindly voice of admonition was unheard; and I became the gayest of the gay—a leader in every scene of fashionable dissipation. The principles of my new companions were those of infidelity, and I embraced them with my whole soul. You know my former disposition to doubt—that doubt was now changed into a settled unbelief, and a bitter hatred towards all which I had once been taught to believe sacred and holy.

"Yet amidst the baleful principles which I had imbibed, one honorable feeling still lingered in my bosom, like a beautiful angel in the companionship of demons. There was one being—a young and lovely creature, at whose shrine all the deep affections of my heart were poured out, in the security of early love. She was indeed a beautiful girl—a being to bow down to and worship—pure and thought as the sainted ones of paradise, but confiding and artless as a child. She possessed every advantage of outward beauty—but it was not that which gathered about her, as with a spell, the hearts of all who knew her. It was the light of her beautiful mind, which lent the deep witching of soul to her fine countenance—flashing in her dark eye, and playing like sunshine on her lip, and crossing her fair forehead with an intellectual halo.

"Allston! I look back to that spring-time of love even at this awful crisis in my destiny with a strange feeling of joy. It is the only green spot in the wilderness of the past—an oasis in the desert of being. She loved me, Allston—and a heart more precious than the gems of the east, was given up to a wretch unworthy of its slightest regard.

"Hitherto pride rather than principle had kept me above the lowest degradation of sensual indulgence. But for one fatal error I might have been united to the lovely being of my affections; and, oh! if sinless purity and persuasive love could have had power over a mind darkened and perverted as my own—might have been reclaimed from the pathway of ruin—I might have been happy.

"But that fatal error came—and came too, in the abhorrent shape of loathsome drunkenness. I shall never—in time of eternity, forget that scene,—it is engraven on my memory in letters of fire. It comes up before me like a terrible dream—but it is a dream of reality. It dashed from my lips the cup of happiness, and fixed forever the dark aspect of my destiny.

"I had been very gay, for there were happy spirits around me; and I drank freely and fearlessly for the first time. There is something horrible in the first sensations of drunkenness. For relief I drank still deeper—and I was a drunkard—I was delirious—I was happy. I left the inebriated assembly, and directed my steps, not to my lodgings, but to the home of her, whom I loved—nay, adored above all others. Judge of her surprise and consternation when I entered with a flushed countenance and an unsteady tread! She was reading to her aged parents, when with an idiot's grimace I approached her. She started from her seat—one glance told her the fatal truth; and she shrunk from me—aye, from me, to whom her vows were plighted and her young affections given—with fear, with loathing, and undisguised abhorrence.—Irritated at her conduct, I approached her rudely; and snatched from her hand the book she had been reading. I cast it into the flames, which rose brightly from the hearth. It was the volume which you call sacred. I saw the smoke of its consuming go upwards like a sacrifice to the demon of intemperance, and there—even there—by that Christian fire-side, I cursed the book and its author!

"The scene which followed beggars description. The shriek of my betrothed—her sinking down in a state of insensibility—the tears of maternal anguish—the horror depicted on the countenance of the old man—all these throng even now confusedly over my



memory. I staggered to the door. The reception I had met with, and the excitement thereby produced, had obviated in some measure the effect of intoxication; and reason began to assume its empire. The full, round moon, was up in the heavens, and the stars—how fair, how passing beautiful they shone down in that hour! I had loved to look upon the stars—those bright and blessed evidences of a holy and all-pervading intelligence; but that night their grandeur and their exceeding purity came like a curse to my weary vision. I could have seen those beautiful lights extinguished, and the dark night-cloud sweeping over the fair face of the sky, and have smiled with grim satisfaction, for the change would have been in unison with my feelings.

"Allston! I have visited, in that tearless agony which mocks at consolation, the grave of my betrothed. She died of a broken heart. From that moment all is dark, and hateful, and loathsome, in my history. I am reduced to poverty—I am bowed to disease—I am without a friend. I have no longer the means of subsistence, and starvation may yet anticipate the fatal termination of the disease which is preying upon me."

Such was the tale of the once gifted and noble St. Clair. Let the awful lesson sink deep in the hearts of the young and ardent of spirit. Let them remember that "Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand;" and that those who have once yielded themselves to the fascination of vice, are hurried onward, as by an irresistible impulse, in the pathway of ruin; although conscious of their danger, and knowing that the gulf of utter darkness is widening and deepening before them.

## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

## A CHAPTER ON ALBUMS.

Of all offices, either of church or state, there is none so completely a *bore*, as that of your Album writer. The ladies over his constituents: and to please them must he, if he (*does* once begin) exert himself as if he were swimming the Hellespont. If he possesses an ounce of that quality, denominated *taste*, how sorely is his patience tested by being asked his opinion, and consequently invested with the necessity of running through a whole volume of sickly sentiment, intended wit, imperturbable dulness, or intolerable trash.—True, he may sometimes find a brief scrawl, placed by the hand of taste, from some master-spirit, whose name was not borne to die.—These sunny paragraphs, and however like, asses in the desert:—and serve only to make the dulness with which they are surrounded more apparent. "*Florio*," a poet of uncommon renown, has said that "An Album is a poet's purgatory." Doubtless he spoke from the promptings of melancholy experience.—But, when proffered by the hand of Beauty, who can refuse? They must be written in, by request; though I have sometimes written from command. Sometimes a spinster of notorious taste and indescribable *naivete*, has transmitted me an Album, through a servant, with a command, that I write in it for such an one, Miss —, a stranger to the writer. Often, or rather occasionally, after such a mandate, have I conferred with the Nine, and we have agreed, though generally *coaxed*, to be once in a while *driven*. A case of this kind lately happened. We clubbed together, brought out a poem, *per order*, for an Album: The Album was returned to the fair owner, and we waited to see whether the subject was orthodox or heterodox, in the imagination of the individual in whose behalf we exercised our metre-manufacturing functions.—

No thanks came: none were expressed: or if they were, which is most probable, they were detained on the way, by some *studied* casualty. We set down the party concerned in the transmission of the thanks as the pink of courtesy—"the glass of fashion." What would console us but thanks, for the perusal of sonnets from lovers who have long forgot their mistress's eye-brows, but the hope that some casual person of taste, might know and appreciate what we had written, and that it might appear "like a rich jewel in an Ethiopian's ear." But they came not: and we considered our labors "like water spilt upon the ground," not to be gathered up again. We recollected numberless Albums from the same source, whose general dulness

"—not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,"

could equal: and we involuntarily eschewed the writing hereafter in these receptacles of gusty passion and sentimentality. But how many horrible exceptions have I this moment in my mind's eye! I recollect stanzas that many a fair friend has married to piano-music, and sung to their author, till he thought them superb. These recollections make me abate half my antipathy to the gilded page of an Album, and render the following motto only applicable to such cases as I mentioned some lines above:—

An Album! prithee! what is it?  
A book like this I'm shown—  
Kept—to be filled with others' wit,  
By persons who have none!!

E.

FOR THE ARIEL.

MR. EDITOR—I had read the beautiful lines under the signature of "W. L. G.," addressed to the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, before your paper reached me; but judge of my surprise when I found that they claimed for their author the oppressed, though talented and philanthropic Editor of "the Genius of Universal Emancipation." What! bury a man alive for mildly exclaiming against the horrific murderer of Liberty! Can it be possible! I am totally ignorant of what further the libel consisted, but if it be all, "that a trafficker in human flesh is *little better* than a murderer," than indeed may we exclaim

"Our land—once green as Paradise—is hoary,  
E'en in its youth, with Tyranny and Crime!"

A destroyer of the dearest rights of man, "*little better* than a murderer!" Truly, this may be considered an undeserved encomium!!

I would not allude to personalities; as I stated before, I am entirely unacquainted with the circumstances of the case, but if we become amenable to the laws of our country by public attention to its surest and most baneful curse, then may we bid an eternal farewell to Liberty!

The following, extracted from a public journal, and purporting to have been written by the gentleman above alluded to, upon the walls of his prison, I think worthy of a place in your columns, and if you concur with me in thinking so, I should feel happy to see it there.

JUSTIFICATUS.

Lynchburg, Va. July 15.

## SONNET.

High walls, and huge, the *body* may confine,  
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,  
And massive bolts may baffle his design,  
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:  
Yet scorns th' immortal *mind* this base control!  
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose:  
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,  
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes!  
It leaps from mount to mount—from vale to vale

It wanders, plucking honey'd fruits & flowers;  
It visits home, to hear the fireside tale,  
Or in sweet converse pass the joyous hours,  
'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,  
And in its watches wearies every star!

W. L. G.

FOR THE ARIEL.

## A LONG POEM ON A SHORT SUBJECT

I hate a dumpy woman.—*Shaks.*

Miss Sophonisba Isabel  
Amelia Gabrielle Brown,  
Is at "this present," the most fascinating girl in town;  
Just like a coal her eyes are black,  
Her stature short of *par*—  
But reader, notwithstanding that,  
She is a brilliant star.

Yea, a rare planet is Miss Brown;  
Oh! glittering cynosure—  
And oft the eyes of lovers turn  
In pitying fondness to her.  
There's grace in almost every thing  
Says she—but oh! her form,  
You'd think 'twas shapeless as a cloud  
That brings the evening storm.

Oh, where's the wight *what* can describe  
The indescribable?  
The bard is powerless, to paint  
The peerless Gabrielle—  
For shapeless forms come gath'ring round  
The chamber of his brain;  
And ever and anon, he tries  
To play with tropes—in vain.

For there is nothing like to her  
That I can dream of now,  
With her simple tresses, parted, on  
A mighty *simple* brow—  
And with a pretty belt around  
Her brief and dumpy waist—  
She looks—a milner's oracle—  
A paragon of taste!

But yesterday I met that form  
Upon the public pavement,  
Where *rue* Chesnut spreads the scene  
Oft Fashion's living wave—  
She paused to show a 'kerchief rare,  
Bought at a shop below;  
Quoth she, "'Tis in the lovely shape  
Of a *corneo-cupio*!"

And also, doth she oft discourse  
Of "*gardings*," where the vine  
Goes clambering o'er some trelliss'd haunt,  
Green "*curlings*" to entwine—  
And other words, "too numerous  
Now to mention" in this lay,  
Doth that misguided dumpy one,  
In common talk display.

Yet I could pardon such a low  
And brief edition given,  
Of what they call "the last, best gift"  
Bestowed on us by Heaven;  
But oh, to find the *thought* so low—  
The uncultivated mind—  
The head a small unfurnished globe,  
And brainless as the wind!

It makes us think that Nature hath  
Her 'prentice hand employ'd  
Upon such occiputs, and left  
Them desolate and void!  
Yet leaves us free to worship Taste,  
To bless the accomplished Fair—  
To seek the courteous and the pure,  
And find our solace there.

E.

"Do you swear?" said a young member of our bar, to a witness whose deposition he was about to draw up. "A good deal," replied the witness.

From the New England Galaxy.

## SAPPHICS.

FATHER AND SON.

Father. This is a pretty time of night to come home at—  
Morning, I should say, the clock has just struck two.  
I've found you out at last. Tell me directly—  
Where have you been, sir?

Loud roars the wind, the night is dark and stormy.  
Come to the fire place and warm yourself, you rascal.  
Pull off your coat, you dog—then hang up your hat—  
Come here to me now.

Villain, you stagger—I see that you are tipsy.  
Your nose is beaten flat and both your eyes are bung'd up.  
I am glad of it—if it were worse, 'tis—  
What you deserve well.

You've been in pretty company as I can plainly see by—  
The pickle you are in. You'd better staid at home, and  
Read a chapter in the Bible, or Baxter's Serious Call, or  
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Goodness! what's the matter? I hope you are not hurt much.  
Heaven! dear Jacky, how came your clothes so bloody?  
My dear, dear boy, if you should die what would your—  
Poor old father do?

Son. What a fuss you make, sir, about the merest trifle.  
Pray wipe your eyes—don't alarm the house, and—  
Hip—I'm not drunk, sir: no, that I am not—  
Not in the least, sir.

Now you are quiet I'll tell you all about it.  
After working hard—hup—at day look and ledger—  
All day, I thought I'd go and see the play for—  
A little relaxation.

There, in the lobby, I met with Dicky Scapegrace.  
We went together to play a rub at brilliards.  
Playing's dry work. We drank in moderation—  
Only two bottles.

When we came out, a Charley we met, whom—  
We tumbled in the gutter, not without some hard knocks.  
He sprung his rattle; we took to our heels and—  
—Made our escape, sir.

One thing there is I had almost forgotten—  
Having a bad cue I lost my fifty dollars—  
—like a man of spirit. Pray, sir, replace 'em—  
Like a good father.

Father. Get you gone to bed—I almost choak with rage, sir.  
Is this then the way the fortune I have made goes?  
Dollars, you spendthrift! I'll clothe your back with stripes and—  
Teach you better manners.

[Striking at him breaks a looking-glass. *Exeunt*]

PREMIUM TRACT. It may be recollected that some months since, the American Tract Society offered a premium of 50 dollars for the best Tract to distillers and venders of ardent spirit. Twenty competitors have sent in their manuscripts for the prizes. These tracts have been examined and compared: and on the 30th ult. the Committee of Examination awarded the premium of 50 dollars to the Rev. BAXTER DICKINSON, of the town of Newark, New Jersey, for the tract entitled "*Alarm to Distillers and all who encourage them*." The committee speak of the remaining nineteen tracts as all breathing a correct spirit, and many of them evincing great strength of argument and sound intelligence, *seven* of which, at least, they think are too good not to appear in some form before the public.



## LITERARY.

*Madden's Turkey.*—This traveller has written some of the most entertaining letters from Turkey and Egypt we have lately met with. The incidents are so numerous, and told so well, as to leave the reader in some doubt occasionally, as to their literal correctness. The style is remarkably good and the letters are addressed to highly respectable individuals. As specimens of the two neat duodecimo volumes, which are just from the press of Carey & Lea, we subjoin a few extracts. Who would ever eat a fig after reading the following account?—

"But the misfortune of the society of the merchants of Smyrna is, that the subject of figs is ever the *fraternal* theme of conversation. You ask about the gardens of *Bour'abat*, and you hear that figs abound there; you inquire about the curiosities of the place, and they lead you to the fig mart; you solicit information on politics, and you are told that figs are low; and when you seek for further intelligence, you are told that 'figs are flat.' In short, go where you will, the eternal topic is figs, figs, figs! and the very name, I apprehend, will be found written on their hearts at their decease.

"A more disgusting operation than the packing of figs I never witnessed. In an immense warehouse, the fruit lay strewn over the floor, and fifty or sixty squalid women, with mewling infants, sat squatted on the heap, picking and stretching the fruit, and overcoming its tenacity with *saliva* and manipulation. I saw the dirty children mauling the figs, and got out of the way as quickly as I could, lest I should witness any thing worse. I made a vow against figs."

Of locusts and quails, we have the following statement—

"Of locusts, I have not seen a single one in Upper Egypt. A French Traveller, who passed this place, on his way to the upper country and the Red Sea, assures me, the Arabs make a sort of bread of them. They dry them, grind them to powder, then mix this powder with water, and make small round cakes, which serve for bread, when that necessary article is scarce: so that the account of St. John's eating locusts in the Wilderness can only be sneered at by fireside travellers.

"In Smyrna I have seen the sky literally black with them; they appear always to travel in a straight meridional line, and thus all the line of country in their course is laid waste by them: 'the land which is before them is as the Garden of Eden; and behind them a desolate wilderness.'"

"Quails come to Egypt in immense flocks annually, at harvest time; the Arabs take them by thousands in nets; and consequently, they are so cheap in Alexandria and Cairo, that one may have a large dish of them for a couple of piastres. But whether these are the quails of the Israelites or not I cannot determine. Like all other migrating birds, they fly in a direct line from north to south, and very rarely from east to west."

Of mummies our author gives some curious accounts. We do not remember to have met so singular a one as the following in any other book, and therefore extract it entire. The picture of an old man's life is rather an appalling one:—

"The staple commodity of Gourn consists in mummies: the Arabs find it easier to live by selling dead men, than by the toil of husbandry. In the sale of mummies I discovered such frauds, that I have no hesitation in saying, in all the cabinets of Europe there are not probably twenty mummies in the same coffins in which they were originally deposited. I attended an old inhabitant of a tomb for several days; he had a bad fever, of which his son had died a few days before my arrival. I had the good fortune to cure this old troglodyte, and his gratitude was unbounded. I

was in the habit of sitting with him daily, on my return from my researches in the tombs. His dwelling was in the most spacious chamber of a superb sepulchre, the walls were covered with ancient paintings, the roof was supported by four magnificent pillars; his divan was formed of an inverted coffin, and the lamp which feebly illumined this gloomy chamber, was made of the cover of an alabaster vase. Various antique utensils furnished his cupboard, and the screen which separated the women's alcove from the common chamber, was formed principally of the linen cloth torn from the mummies. It was with great difficulty I could prevail on him to let me visit the interior of the tomb; I did so, however, on the condition of not telling any thing of what I saw to the Franks at Gourn, and, to my utter surprise, the first thing I observed at the extremity of the gallery, was a manufacture of mummies. Three beautiful mummy cases were laid open, an ordinary mummy was placed in the last, the original one having been previously pillaged, and, what convinced me of the fraud, was several new wooden pegs lying on the cover of the large case, undoubtedly intended as substitutes to the old ones, which had been broken in bursting open the external case. There are generally three cases, and the nails which join them are made of hard wood. I asked no questions—I knew it would be useless; but my eye was inquisitive for the few minutes I remained, and some red paint in a coffee-cup beside the coffins, left me no doubt of the justice of my first suspicion.

"I proceeded through a narrow passage into another cave which was literally crammed with mummies, placed in horizontal layers, as they had been, in all probability, deposited some thousand years ago. Not one of them was upright, as Herodotus describes them to have been; and, indeed, in all the sepulchres I have been, I never found a mummy in a standing posture. The great proof of this fallacy is, that in the tombs of the kings, each sarcophagus is placed on its bottom, and not on end. But what astonished me in the tomb of my old friend the troglodyte, far more than the folly of the Egyptians or the skill of the embalmers, was the indifference of the little children of the old man's son to the horrors of the place. Four of them, the eldest not exceeding eight years of age, had crawled after me through every gloomy passage; and now, in the chamber where the dreariness of the scene and the sickening sight of these cadaverous mummies made me shudder, they sat on the broken coffins, pulling about the rigid arms of the dead bodies, and playing with the gilded fingers of one mummy which had evidently been dragged from a coffin.—Not a particle of fear had these little troglodytes; and why, indeed should they? They were born in a sepulchre; they were accustomed to death; their little eyes saw less of living men than of livid corpses: if their mother wished to frighten them, she spoke not of graves and hobgoblins, she talked to them of Christians; she could not terrify their souls with objects which were always within their sight, and she could hardly shut them up in a much darker room than that in which they first saw the lamp which 'made darkness visible' around them.

"Had they been punished with a few minutes' confinement in the deepest gallery of the tomb, the apparition of a living Frank would have haunted their imaginations, but the ghost of a dead man would never have caused an apprehension. When my Nubian servant saw the little knaves jowl the head (perhaps of some Egyptian philosopher) as they carried it out for me, he looked on them with disgust, and called them *Caffres*. I could not get him even to lay his finger on a mummy.

"These urchins at first fled my approach, as all the children of Thebes do when they see a Frank, but by degrees they got accustomed to me. I found that their avarice, young as they were, was stronger than their

fears: and one piastre after another made them prefer me at last to the *Shitan*, whose satanic image, they had been taught, was impressed on every Christian form. If there were any proof wanting that fear is the result of infantile education, I think this fact would be sufficient to make it manifest."

Every reader who once fairly takes up these volumes, will lay them down reluctantly, if he cannot finish them at a single sitting. They possess unusual interest for all lovers of travels, a description of readers by no means the most limited.

## MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.  
JOHN RANDOLPH.

It is not generally known, we presume, that John Randolph made his first entrance upon the public stage against the oratory of Patrick Henry. In the Spring of 1799, Mr. Randolph offered himself as a candidate to represent the district in which he resided in the next Congress, on which occasion he had two competitors, one of whom was an ardent supporter of the administration of John Adams and the other decidedly opposed to it. At the same time the pressing solicitations of many of the leading Federalists had induced Patrick Henry to withdraw from his retirement, and announce himself to the freeholders of the county of Charlotte as a candidate for their suffrages in the House of Delegates of Virginia. Mighty preparations were making by the Democratic party to elect a majority to both branches of the General Assembly, that would change the mode of choosing Presidential Electors throughout the State from the District, as it then existed, to the General Ticket System, with a view of giving the entire vote of the state to Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Madison resigned the seat which he held in Congress and became a candidate for the General Assembly, to ensure, by his efforts and talents, the success of the measure.—When the day of election arrived, Patrick Henry made his appearance, and addressed the electors in a masterly strain, in favor of the general principles of policy on which the Federal party rested. He spoke about two hours, and left an impression upon the minds of his hearers by no means favorable to the success of any political opponent. Under all these appalling disadvantages, a young man was seen to present himself before the people with the avowed intention of combating the arguments of Mr. Henry. The person of Mr. Randolph was little known, as he had lived rather a solitary life upon his estate, after he completed his collegiate studies at Columbia College in this city. The singularity of his carriage, his youthful appearance and shrill tones, together with the power of his eloquence, soon excited a wonderful enthusiasm among his audience, who listened with the deepest silence to his remarks. He seemed quite conscious of the enterprise in which he had embarked, and animadverted upon the address of Mr. Henry, in a style and manner that drew the highest commendation from that highly-gifted orator. His speech was received with the most rapturous plaudits, and it was evident to Mr. Henry that a spirit was excited which portended far more than could have been originally calculated. He found himself compelled to reascend the rostrum in defence of the topics he had advanced, and was again followed by Mr. Randolph in reply. The polls were opened, and as the election proceeded, it was discovered that the people were resolved, notwithstanding party dissensions, to have the benefit of the services of both these distinguished individuals, in the different situations which they coveted. Patrick Henry was chosen to the House of Delegates, and John Randolph to the U. S. House of Representatives. Mr. Henry, however, did not live to take his seat in the Assembly, and the friends of Mr. Jefferson carried their favorite measure in that body, at the

ensuing session, by a majority of 5 votes.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Randolph, in the course of some observations he addressed to Congress respecting Mr. Jefferson, expressed his firm conviction, that if Patrick Henry had lived to take a part in the debates of the General Assembly upon the proposed alteration, the project would have been defeated, and Mr. Jefferson not then elected President. "It prevailed," said he, "by a majority of only 5 votes, and Patrick Henry was always good for 5 times 5 votes. Mr. Adams would have received the votes of 5 or 6 of the electoral districts, and been re-elected."

## FEMALE BEAUTY.

The following is taken from an Essay in the last number of Mrs. Hale's Ladies' Magazine, on Beauty.

To sum up the whole, the charms that are really indispensable to being beloved, may be possessed by every one who is not personally, or mentally, or morally deformed. Let us enumerate them.

Firstly—an eye, whether black, blue, or gray, that has the spirit of kindness in its expression.

Secondly—a mouth that is able to say a good deal, and all sincerely. Its teeth kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanliness in general; it must also be very good-natured to servants, and friends that come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Thirdly—a figure which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste, exercise, and the dislike of gross living.—A woman may be fond of almost any pleasure under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly—the art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace. Where can *peace* dwell if there is no *piety*? These qualities will sway the soul of man, when the shallower perfections enumerated in this article would cease to charm. A good heart is, after all, the best beautifier.

The following humorous argument was advanced by a canal stockholder, for the purpose of putting down railways—

"He saw what would be the effect of it: that it would set the whole world a gadding—twenty miles an hour sir! Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work—every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachment must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Various people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance—'only a hundred miles off! Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan! 'Pray sir, will you dine with me to-day, at my neat little box on the Alleghany! 'Why indeed, I don't know—I shall be in town until twelve—well I shall be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre.' And then sir there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour, and thaldrons of coal, and even lead and whiskey, and such like sober things that have always been used to sober travelling—whisking away like a set of sky rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If a couple of gentlemen have an affair of honor, it is only to steal off to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying from debt! A set of bailiffs, mounted on bomb shells, would not overtake an absconding debtor—only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential topsey-turvey, harum-scarum whirligig.—Give me the old, solemn, straight-forward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog or trot journeys—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden; it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop skip and jump whimsies for me."



## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 7.

*Nothing to say.*—Numerous have been the complaints that authors can find nothing new with which to delight and edify their readers, and many a man has regretted that Shakspeare has said all his good things before him. At the present rate of production, a literary famine is confidently predicted by those whose brains are easily exhausted; and if exhaustion were possible in matters of a literary kind, what would be the result? Old things would be reprinted, and it would not be saying too much to affirm, that the sooner it comes, the better. Let the human brain lie fallow for a century; let it learn all that has been well said, and then start afresh—it would be a delightful thing then, to see new books; new ideas would be plenty as blackberries, and one's great great grandchildren would not be compelled, as we are, to search for an idea in a bushel of rags and printer's ink.

Such were our reflections for the two hours before the usual period for our printer's calling for something to print, or to use the technical phrase, for "copy." We had "nothing to say!" Hangings were not—murders were few, and the daily prints furnished no single topic to fill a column. Their very advertisements partake of the character of the people, and all the best seem to have "gone out of town." We have scarcely a single topic that will bear discussion; our editorial duties are most onerous at such times, for when a man has "nothing to say," how can it be expected he should talk? When topics are not, who is to converse? How often, when utterly destitute, have we found a resource in the fluency of the ladies, those never failing fountains to man, in times of trouble and affliction! We have literally this warm evening *nothing to say.* Here is a drawer of our green table, which has been silently, but surely accumulating the unpublished favors of female correspondents whom we have promised, no doubt, to wait upon in due season, but like other Editors, have neglected for more pressing occupations. But they shall be heard: thanks to the never failing resource of "woman's wit," they have come in the nick of time, and here they are:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN.

Dear Mr. Quill-driver—I am "a constant reader" of your valuable paper. This, with you, should be a ticket to admit me to your confidence, at least should prevent my communication from going "in a direct line from your table to the fire," as you say you treat some of your correspondents. Now I know very well you hate long letters—you never read them, do you? A glance is sufficient to shew that there is in them neither money nor news, and away they go to the pigeon hole of oblivion, or to light a cigar. You filthy men, how can you smoke so? and chew too! I have a husband who does both, but I never allow him to smoke at home, nor spit in the parlor; I've had grates set on purpose. The poor man! how he wriggles and twists in his chair—calls for the spittoon, which I never have so it can be got at in a hurry—then he runs to the door—I follow for fear of the steps, and absolutely he has taken to spitting in a newspaper!—yes, a newspaper! And what is worse, he spits in yours!—Spite of all I can do, he now always has it ready—I see no chance of reforming him, so let us leave the subject—depend on it, though I do worry him amazingly!!

Well, now to my subject; I have long been determined to tell you that unless there is more about female fashions, ladies' dress I mean, in your paper, I do think you will lose subscri-

bers. Do you know we take but one paper? I don't call Price Currents, and big advertising sheets "papers;" they are for the counting house; they tell about potashes and pork, Turks, and all that sort of thing, and if you'll believe me, I never even look at them, unless they are upside down. No, never! I wouldn't read them for a dozen ice creams, which, to be sure, I do love dearly, dear as they are. To come to an end then, do, Mr. Editor, as you love popularity, give us the latest French fashions, and instead of great wood cuts, let us have the latest Dunstable pattern, and all that, with ruffle patterns, and figures to work in baby's caps—and—oh lack! here's an end of my paper—I can hardly squeeze in how much I am your friend and admirer, ELIZA TATTLE.

We tried hard to spell the last word, "admirer," but flatterer as our friend is, we could not make it spell anything else than what it was. Now for another dame—we dare say if we could hear all our friends, they would advise us to so many plans that we should give up our duties in despair. Let us hear—

Dear Sir—I am a woman of fashion and education; I was brought up to know what's what, as the saying is—not in America, I can assure you, but in good old England—merry England, if you prefer it—and I'm determined I never will patronize a paper which devotes but a column or two to English news. Sir, there is in England a class of people who understand what's what—real hirelings of the press, who understand their business, and who give us good old fashioned reading. Did you ever look at the London papers? I suppose you have, and if you hav'n't, I can tell you what's what. Court news it is I want—fashionable movement. I have been trying for five years to learn who are the visitors now-a-days at my native town of Tunbridge, and for the life of me I can't find a paper in America that says a word on the subject. Do you know I will pay two dollars no longer for such stuff as you palm upon us, about Kentucky and Missouri, and the Indians? It's positively shocking!—stuff! Who ever heard of Indians at Tunbridge? It won't do, sir; give us something fit to read—something we've been accustomed to, or you need send your paper no longer to LETITIA FROGMORE.

Here is a note of a more modern date. The fair applicant should remember we were not brought up to the healing art, and that our sedentary occupation affords us quite enough employment of a medical kind in taking care of number one. We have no objection, however, occasionally to gratify her taste by selecting articles on the subject which seems to engage her especial attention. The very first freckle-wash we see shall be printed.

Dear Mr. Editor—I have inherited a remarkably thin and handsome complexion, but unfortunately it is subject to tan and freckles. I have tried all the specifics which our advertising quacks have produced, and subscribed to the Journal of Health, in hopes of discovering some remedy for a blemish, which I am sure has been the sole means of keeping me in a single state, for I assure you I have every qualification which would make married life happy. I have in vain searched your pages for years, in hopes of discovering some allusion to a subject which claims my particular regard, and one, I dare say, to which the attention of many others is turned. Can you not sometimes come across an article in this way, and by publishing it make glad the pining and unhappy

BELINDA.

Belinda should remember that *all* cannot be married; she might also console herself with

the natural reflection, that many marriages are unhappy ones—that when they turn out otherwise, an unhappiness is always lying in wait, in the fear of separation by death, which sooner or later overtakes the happiest couples, leaving the survivor in a more "pining and unhappy" condition than even that described. We believe happiness to be pretty equally distributed. Belinda may *hope*, and in hope there is great consolation.

We must here take leave of our correspondents for to-day. The next time we have "nothing to say," we shall rummage again.

The Calf Elephant, lately imported in one of our Philadelphia ships, has afforded much pleasure to the younger part of his visitors, as well as to older people and to naturalists. Though we cannot, as in the case of the young of most animals, call him beautiful, he is yet a very interesting little fellow, and promises, if kept under the tuition of his present master, to become a *great* scholar. The affection of his unwieldy mother is very striking. Various authors inform us that Elephants take great care of their young, rather choosing to lose their own lives than that they should lose theirs. They always go into herds in their wild state, the largest foremost; and when they are to pass a river, they lift their young ones across on their tusks, twisting their proboscis round the middle.

This is the height of the season at all the watering places. Our city is deserted by many of its inhabitants, who have gone to Long Branch, Cape May, the different "Beaches," Pine Cottage, Yellow Springs, Ballston, Saratoga, the Falls of Niagara, most emphatically a *watering* place, the Wilmington Springs, &c. &c. We mention the Wilmington last, though it is this year one of the *first* in attraction. New buildings have been erected during the recess, and the whole is under most excellent government. Four or five Billiard tables serve to afford pastime for the idle. We learn it is a profitable establishment. For the comfort of our fellow citizens who are absent, we may remark that every thing seems going on as well as if they were at home! There is therefore no particular occasion for their hurrying back!

A good hit, though an old joke.—The Southern papers now and then throw out a squib like the following—

"How to make a Speculation.—Melt up a silver dollar or a small gold piece; divide it into small particles by throwing it into a basin of water while hot; then scatter them about your spring, or in a branch where the road crosses it; let some of your neighbors discover them by accident; now advertise that the richest gold or silver mine, as the case may be, in the world, has been found on your land, but not knowing how to work it yourself to advantage, you are willing to sell out at a fair price. After this, if you cannot make a good speculation, you will be less fortunate than many people in the gold region."

This trick has been extensively practised in the gold and silver districts of South America, and we have heard of its being played off at a place called Pottsville.

A woman purchasing cups and saucers not more than a thousand miles from here, says a Carolina Journal, was asked what color she would have. "Why I ar'n't particular" says she, "any color that won't show dirt."

There is much instruction in the following story, which we copied out of an old book the other evening at an auction. "I saw a gentleman riding before me on a fine horse, whilst I was mounted on an ass. Ah! said I to myself, how different is my condition from his! But upon turning about my head, I saw a good

looking countryman driving a wheel-barrow before him. Oh then, said I, if I am not equal to him who goes before me, at least I am superior to him who follows me. I have found that this fable hath at certain times revived my spirits. I have wrote it on a label, and set it up in my study, that I may always remember it."

A curious Marriage State.—We extract the following from an English paper, to exhibit a state of things which we hope will never exist in this country. It discloses peculiarities in modes of life and acting, which are a perfect riddle to us on this side the water:—

"Miss Paton.—The following particulars relative to the disagreement between Lord W. Lennox and his Lady, have been obtained from a very authentic source, and we have no doubt they will prove interesting to our readers. For some time past, Lord and Lady W. Lennox have been living very unamicably, and the Lady had often declared her intention of leaving his lordship.

In the early part of last week, after an occurrence the most painful to her feelings, of which we avoid entering into particulars, her ladyship left her home, and took private lodgings in Bond street, taking with her all her most valuable property. She remained absent from his lordship four days, from Tuesday till Saturday last, when she was announced to play in *Cinderella* at Covent Garden Theatre, for the last time. On Saturday evening she came to the theatre dressed for the character of Cinderella, and played the part, but it was quite evident to the audience generally that she was laboring under feelings that indicated a lack of that spirit and energy which she was in the habit of throwing into the part. During the performance, Lord William drove up to the stage door in his carriage, and had an interview with his wife, and, it is understood, earnestly solicited her to return with him. She told him, it is said, in the presence of Colonel Berkely and other gentlemen, amongst whom was the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this statement, that his lordship's treatment had been such towards her, that she never more would return under the same roof with him. She continued in the theatre till half past one on Sunday morning, and to the entreaties of her husband, Col. Berkely, and Captain —, she was inexorable, and finally left the house in a hackney coach with her dresser, and proceeded to her lodgings in Bond street, and his lordship went home in his carriage. Subsequently efforts have been used to bring about a reconciliation; her ladyship, however, has resisted all importunities with a firmness which shows that she is determined the separation shall be final."

The following is a literal copy of a Spanish play-bill, taken at Valencia—

"To the Empress of Heaven, mother of the eternal world, polar star of Spain, consolation, faithful sentinel, and bulwark of all good Spaniards, the most holy Mary; for her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of this city will this evening represent the heroic comedy of the Moorish kings at war with Spain."

The eight children and grand children of the Moorish Prince, have been all redeemed, at the high price of \$3100. They arrived at New York from Natchez some days ago, and are now at Brooklyn. The Colonization Society will give them a free passage to Liberia in the vessel which is to sail from Norfolk in October. The Prince, it will be recollected, returned to Mohamedanism, and died soon after his arrival in Africa.

EPITAPH IN NOTHUMBERLAND.

Here lies, to parents, friends, and country dear, A youth, who scarce had seen his 17th year; But, in that time, so much good sense had shewn, That death mistook 17 for 71.

Professor Hitchcock, in his Prize Essay, assures us—"Forty-nine fiftieths of our wines are a mixture of wine, cider, brandy, and sometimes the juice of berries, sumach, logwood, spices, aromatics, sulphur, and the leaves of plants, more or less poisonous."



## LITERARY.

**Madden's Turkey.**—This traveller has written some of the most entertaining letters from Turkey and Egypt we have lately met with. The incidents are so numerous, and told so well, as to leave the reader in some doubt occasionally, as to their literal correctness. The style is remarkably good and the letters are addressed to highly respectable individuals. As specimens of the two neat duodecimo volumes, which are just from the press of Carey & Lea, we subjoin a few extracts. Who would ever eat a fig after reading the following account?—

"But the misfortune of the society of the merchants of Smyrna is, that the subject of figs is ever the fruitful theme of conversation. You ask about the gardens of *Bournabat*, and you hear that figs abound there; you inquire about the curiosities of the place, and they lead you to the fig mart; you solicit information on politics, and you are told that figs are low; and when you seek for further intelligence, you are told that 'figs are flat.' In short, go where you will, the eternal topic is figs, figs, figs! and the very name, I apprehend, will be found written on their hearts at their decease.

"A more disgusting operation than the packing of figs I never witnessed. In an immense warehouse, the fruit lay strewn over the floor, and fifty or sixty squalid women, with mewing infants, sat squatted on the heap, picking and stretching the fruit, and overcoming its tenacity with *saliva* and manipulation. I saw the dirty children mauling the figs, and got out of the way as quickly as I could, lest I should witness any thing worse. I made a vow against figs."

Of locusts and quails, we have the following statement—

"Of locusts, I have not seen a single one in Upper Egypt. A French Traveller, who passed this place, on his way to the upper country and the Red Sea, assures me, the Arabs make a sort of bread of them. They dry them, grind them to powder, then mix this powder with water, and make small round cakes, which serve for bread, when that necessary article is scarce: so that the account of St. John's eating locusts in the Wilderness can only be sneered at by fireside travellers.

"In Smyrna I have seen the sky literally black with them; they appear always to travel in a straight meridional line, and thus all the line of country in their course is laid waste by them: 'the land which is before them is as the Garden of Eden; and behind them a desolate wilderness.'"

"Quails come to Egypt in immense flocks annually, at harvest time; the Arabs take them by thousands in nets; and consequently, they are so cheap in Alexandria and Cairo, that one may have a large dish of them for a couple of piastres. But whether these are the quails of the Israelites or not I cannot determine. Like all other migrating birds, they fly in a direct line from north to south, and very rarely from east to west."

Of mummies our author gives some curious accounts. We do not remember to have met so singular a one as the following in any other book, and therefore extract it entire. The picture of an old man's life is rather an appalling one:—

"The staple commodity of Gourn consists in mummies: the Arabs find it easier to live by selling dead men, than by the toil of husbandry. In the sale of mummies I discovered such frauds, that I have no hesitation in saying, in all the cabinets of Europe there are not probably twenty mummies in the same coffins in which they were originally deposited. I attended an old inhabitant of a tomb for several days; he had a bad fever, of which his son had died a few days before my arrival. I had the good fortune to cure this old troglodyte, and his gratitude was unbounded. I

was in the habit of sitting with him daily, on my return from my researches in the tombs. His dwelling was in the most spacious chamber of a superb sepulchre, the walls were covered with ancient paintings, the roof was supported by four magnificent pillars; his divan was formed of an inverted coffin, and the lamp which feebly illuminated this gloomy chamber, was made of the cover of an alabaster vase. Various antique utensils furnished his cupboard, and the screen which separated the women's alcove from the common chamber, was formed principally of the linen cloth torn from the mummies. It was with great difficulty I could prevail on him to let me visit the interior of the tomb; I did so, however, on the condition of not telling any thing of what I saw to the Franks at Gourn, and, to my utter surprise, the first thing I observed at the extremity of the gallery, was a manufacture of mummies. Three beautiful mummy cases were laid open, an ordinary mummy was placed in the last, the original one having been previously pillaged, and, what convinced me of the fraud, was several new wooden pegs lying on the cover of the large case, undoubtedly intended as substitutes to the old ones, which had been broken in bursting open the external case. There are generally three cases, and the nails which join them are made of hard wood. I asked no questions—I knew it would be useless; but my eye was inquisitive for the few minutes I remained, and some red paint in a coffee-cup beside the coffins, left me no doubt of the justice of my first suspicion.

"I proceeded through a narrow passage into another cave which was literally crammed with mummies, placed in horizontal layers, as they had been, in all probability, deposited some thousand years ago. Not one of them was upright, as Herodotus describes them to have been; and, indeed, in all the sepulchres I have been, I never found a mummy in a standing posture. The great proof of this fallacy is, that in the tombs of the kings, each sarcophagus is placed on its bottom, and not on end. But what astonished me in the tomb of my old friend the troglodyte, far more than the folly of the Egyptians or the skill of the embalmers, was the indifference of the little children of the old man's son to the horrors of the place. Four of them, the eldest not exceeding eight years of age, had crawled after me through every gloomy passage; and now, in the chamber where the dreariness of the scene and the sickening sight of these cadaverous mummies made me shudder, they sat on the broken coffins, pulling about the rigid arms of the dead bodies, and playing with the gilded fingers of one mummy which had evidently been dragged from a coffin.—Not a particle of fear had these little troglodytes; and why, indeed should they? They were born in a sepulchre; they were accustomed to death; their little eyes saw less of living men than of livid corpses: if their mother wished to frighten them, she spoke not of graves and hobgoblins, she talked to them of Christians; she could not terrify their souls with objects which were always within their sight, and she could hardly shut them up in a much darker room than that in which they first saw the lamp which 'made darkness visible' around them.

"Had they been punished with a few minutes' confinement in the deepest gallery of the tomb, the apparition of a living Frank would have haunted their imaginations, but the ghost of a dead man would never have caused an apprehension. When my Nubian servant saw the little knaves jowl the head (perhaps of some Egyptian philosopher) as they carried it out for me, he looked on them with disgust, and called them *Caffres*. I could not get him even to lay his finger on a mummy.

"These urchins at first fled my approach, as all the children of Thebes do when they see a Frank, but by degrees they got accustomed to me. I found that their avarice, young as they were, was stronger than their

fears: and one piastre after another made them prefer me at last to the *Shitan*, whose satanic image, they had been taught, was impressed on every Christian form. If there were any proof wanting that fear is the result of infantile education, I think this fact would be sufficient to make it manifest."

Every reader who once fairly takes up these volumes, will lay them down reluctantly, if he cannot finish them at a single sitting. They possess unusual interest for all lovers of travels, a description of readers by no means the most limited.

## MISCELLANY.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.  
JOHN RANDOLPH.

It is not generally known, we presume, that John Randolph made his first entrance upon the public stage against the oratory of Patrick Henry. In the Spring of 1799, Mr. Randolph offered himself as a candidate to represent the district in which he resided in the next Congress, on which occasion he had two competitors, one of whom was an ardent supporter of the administration of John Adams and the other decidedly opposed to it. At the same time the pressing solicitations of many of the leading Federalists had induced Patrick Henry to withdraw from his retirement, and announce himself to the freeholders of the county of Charlotte as a candidate for their suffrages in the House of Delegates of Virginia. Mighty preparations were making by the Democratic party to elect a majority to both branches of the General Assembly, that would change the mode of choosing Presidential Electors throughout the State from the District, as it then existed, to the General Ticket System, with a view of giving the entire vote of the state to Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Madison resigned the seat which he held in Congress and became a candidate for the General Assembly, to ensure, by his efforts and talents, the success of the measure.—When the day of election arrived, Patrick Henry made his appearance, and addressed the electors in a masterly strain, in favor of the general principles of policy on which the Federal party rested. He spoke about two hours, and left an impression upon the minds of his hearers by no means favorable to the success of any political opponent. Under all these appalling disadvantages, a young man was seen to present himself before the people with the avowed intention of combating the arguments of Mr. Henry. The person of Mr. Randolph was little known, as he had lived rather a solitary life upon his estate, after he completed his collegiate studies at Columbia College in this city. The singularity of his carriage, his youthful appearance and shrill tones, together with the power of his eloquence, soon excited a wonderful enthusiasm among his audience, who listened with the deepest silence to his remarks. He seemed quite conscious of the enterprise in which he had embarked, and animadverted upon the address of Mr. Henry, in a style and manner that drew the highest commendation from that highly-gifted orator. His speech was received with the most rapturous plaudits, and it was evident to Mr. Henry that a spirit was excited which portended far more than could have been originally calculated. He found himself compelled to reascend the rostrum in defence of the topics he had advanced, and was again followed by Mr. Randolph in reply. The polls were opened, and as the election proceeded, it was discovered that the people were resolved, notwithstanding party dissensions, to have the benefit of the services of both these distinguished individuals, in the different situations which they coveted. Patrick Henry was chosen to the House of Delegates, and John Randolph to the U. S. House of Representatives. Mr. Henry, however, did not live to take his seat in the Assembly, and the friends of Mr. Jefferson carried their favorite measure in that body, at the

ensuing session, by a majority of 5 votes.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Randolph, in the course of some observations he addressed to Congress respecting Mr. Jefferson, expressed his firm conviction, that if Patrick Henry had lived to take a part in the debates of the General Assembly upon the proposed alteration, the project would have been defeated, and Mr. Jefferson not then elected President. "It prevailed," said he, "by a majority of only 5 votes, and Patrick Henry was always good for 5 times 5 votes. Mr. Adams would have received the votes of 5 or 6 of the electoral districts, and been re-elected."

## FEMALE BEAUTY.

The following is taken from an Essay in the last number of Mrs. Hale's *Ladies' Magazine*, on Beauty.

To sum up the whole, the charms that are really indispensable to being beloved, may be possessed by every one who is not personally, or mentally, or morally deformed. Let us enumerate them.

Firstly—an eye, whether black, blue, or gray, that has the spirit of kindness in its expression.

Secondly—a mouth that is able to say a good deal, and all sincerely. Its teeth kept as clean as possible, must be an argument of cleanliness in general; it must also be very good-natured to servants, and friends that come in unexpectedly to dinner.

Thirdly—a figure which shall preserve itself, not by neglecting any of its duties, but by good taste, exercise, and the dislike of gross living.—A woman may be fond of almost any pleasure under the sun, except those of tattling, and the table, and ostentation.

Fourthly—the art of being happy at home, and making that home the abode of peace. Where can *peace* dwell if there is no *piety*? These qualities will sway the soul of man, when the shallower perfections enumerated in this article would cease to charm. A good heart is, after all, the best beautifier.

The following humorous argument was advanced by a canal stockholder, for the purpose of putting down railways—

"He saw what would be the effect of it: that it would set the whole world a gadding—twenty miles an hour sir! Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work—every Saturday evening he must take a trip to Ohio, to spend the Sabbath with his sweetheart. Grave plodding citizens will be flying about like comets. All local attachment must be at an end. It will encourage flightiness of intellect. Various people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conceptions will be exaggerated by their magnificent notions of distance—'only a hundred miles off!' 'Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan! 'Pray sir, will you dine with me to-day, at my neat little box on the Alleghany!' 'Why indeed, I don't know—I shall be in town until twelve—well! I shall be there, but you must let me off in time for the theatre.' And then sir there will be barrels of pork, and cargoes of flour, and thaldrons of coal, and even lead and whiskey, and such like sober things that have always been used to sober travelling—whisking away like a set of sky rockets. It will upset all the gravity of the nation. If a couple of gentlemen have an affair of honor, it is only to steal off to the Rocky Mountains, and there no jurisdiction can touch them. And then, sir, think of flying from debt! A set of bailiffs, mounted on bomb shells, would not overtake an absconding debtor—only give him a fair start. Upon the whole, sir, it is a pestilential topsey-turvey, harum-scarum whirligig.—Give me the old, solemn, straight-forward, regular Dutch canal—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for jog or trot journeys—with a yoke of oxen for a heavy load! I go for beasts of burden; it is more primitive and scriptural, and suits a moral and religious people better. None of your hop skip and jump whimsies for me."



## THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 7.

*Nothing to say.*—Numerous have been the complaints that authors can find nothing new with which to delight and edify their readers, and many a man has regretted that Shakspeare has said all his good things before him. At the present rate of production, a literary famine is confidently predicted by those whose brains are easily exhausted; and if exhaustion were possible in matters of a literary kind, what would be the result? Old things would be reprinted, and it would not be saying too much to affirm, that the sooner it comes, the better. Let the human brain lie fallow for a century; let it learn all that has been well said, and then start afresh—it would be a delightful thing then, to see new books; new ideas would be plenty as blackberries, and one's great great grandchildren would not be compelled, as we are, to search for an idea in a bushel of rags and printer's ink.

Such were our reflections for the two hours before the usual period for our printer's calling for something to print, or to use the technical phrase, for "copy." We had "nothing to say." Hangings were not—murders were few, and the daily prints furnished no single topic to fill a column. Their very advertisements partake of the character of the people, and all the best seem to have "gone out of town." We have scarcely a single topic that will bear discussion; our editorial duties are most onerous at such times, for when a man has "nothing to say," how can it be expected he should talk? When topics are not, who is to converse? How often, when utterly destitute, have we found a resource in the fluency of the ladies, those never failing fountains to man, in times of trouble and affliction! We have literally this warm evening *nothing to say.* Here is a drawer of our green table, which has been silently, but surely accumulating the unpublished favors of female correspondents whom we have promised, no doubt, to wait upon in due season, but like other Editors, have neglected for more pressing occupations. But they shall be heard: thanks to the never failing resource of "woman's wit," they have come in the nick of time, and here they are:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY BULLETIN.

*Dear Mr. Quill-driver*—I am "a constant reader" of your valuable paper. This, with you, should be a ticket to admit me to your confidence, at least should prevent my communication from going "in a direct line from your table to the fire," as you say you treat some of your correspondents. Now I know very well you hate long letters—you never read them, do you? A glance is sufficient to shew that there is in them neither money nor news, and away they go to the pigeon hole of oblivion, or to light a cigar. You filthy men, how can you smoke so? and chew too! I have a husband who does both, but I never allow him to smoke at home, nor spit in the parlor; I've had grates set on purpose. The poor man! how he wriggles and twists in his chair—calls for the spittoon, which I never have so it can be got at in a hurry—then he runs to the door—I follow for fear of the steps, and absolutely he has taken to spitting in a newspaper!—yes, a newspaper! And what is worse, he spits in yours!—Spite of all I can do, he now always has it ready—I see no chance of reforming him, so let us leave the subject—depend on it, though I do worry him amazingly!!

Well, now to my subject; I have long been determined to tell you that unless there is more about female fashions, ladies' dress I mean, in your paper, I do think you will lose subscri-

bers. Do you know we take but one paper? I don't call Price Currents, and big advertising sheets "papers;" they are for the counting house; they tell about potashes and pork, Turks, and all that sort of thing, and if you'll believe me, I never even look at them, unless they are upside down. No, never! I wouldn't read them for a dozen ice creams, which, to be sure, I do love dearly, dear as they are. To come to an end then, do, Mr. Editor, as you love popularity, give us the latest French fashions, and instead of great wood cuts, let us have the latest Dunstable pattern, and all that, with ruffle patterns, and figures to work in baby's caps—and—oh lack! here's an end of my paper—I can hardly squeeze in how much I am your friend and admirer, ELIZA TATTLE.

We tried hard to spell the last word, "admirer," but flatterer as our friend is, we could not make it spell anything else than what it was. Now for another dame—we dare say if we could hear all our friends, they would advise us to so many plans that we should give up our duties in despair. Let us hear—

*Dear Sir*—I am a woman of fashion and education; I was brought up to know what's what, as the saying is—not in America, I can assure you, but in good old England—merry England, if you prefer it—and I'm determined I never will patronize a paper which devotes but a column or two to English news. Sir, there is in England a class of people who understand what's what—real hirelings of the press, who understand their business, and who give us good old fashioned reading. Did you ever look at the London papers? I suppose you have, and if you haven't, I can tell you what's what. Court news it is I want—fashionable movement. I have been trying for five years to learn who are the visitors now-a-days at my native town of Tunbridge, and for the life of me I can't find a paper in America that says a word on the subject. Do you know I will pay two dollars no longer for such stuff as you palm upon us, about Kentucky and Missouri, and the Indians? It's positively shocking!—stuff! Who ever heard of Indians at Tunbridge? It won't do, sir; give us something fit to read—something we've been accustomed to, or you need send your paper no longer to LÆTITIA FROGMORE.

Here is a note of a more modern date. The fair applicant should remember we were not brought up to the healing art, and that our sedentary occupation affords us quite enough employment of a medical kind in taking care of number one. We have no objection, however, occasionally to gratify her taste by selecting articles on the subject which seems to engage her especial attention. The very first freckle-wash we see shall be printed.

*Dear Mr. Editor*—I have inherited a remarkably thin and handsome complexion, but unfortunately it is subject to tan and freckles. I have tried all the specifics which our advertising quacks have produced, and subscribed to the Journal of Health, in hopes of discovering some remedy for a blemish, which I am sure has been the sole means of keeping me in a single state, for I assure you I have every qualification which would make married life happy. I have in vain searched your pages for years, in hopes of discovering some allusion to a subject which claims my particular regard, and one, I dare say, to which the attention of many others is turned. Can you not sometimes come across an article in this way, and by publishing it make glad the pining and unhappy

BELINDA.

Belinda should remember that all cannot be married; she might also console herself with

the natural reflection, that many marriages are unhappy ones—that when they turn out otherwise, an unhappiness is always lying in wait, in the fear of separation by death, which sooner or later overtakes the happiest couples, leaving the survivor in a more "pining and unhappy" condition than even that described. We believe happiness to be pretty equally distributed. Belinda may hope, and in hope there is great consolation.

We must here take leave of our correspondents for to-day. The next time we have "nothing to say," we shall rummage again.

The Calf Elephant, lately imported in one of our Philadelphia ships, has afforded much pleasure to the younger part of his visitors, as well as to older people and to naturalists.—Though we cannot, as in the case of the young of most animals, call him beautiful, he is yet a very interesting little fellow, and promises, if kept under the tuition of his present master, to become a great scholar. The affection of his unwieldy mother is very striking. Various authors inform us that Elephants take great care of their young, rather choosing to lose their own lives than that they should lose theirs. They always go into herds in their wild state, the largest foremost; and when they are to pass a river, they lift their young ones across on their tusks, twisting their proboscis round the middle.

This is the height of the season at all the watering places. Our city is deserted by many of its inhabitants, who have gone to Long Branch, Cape May, the different "Beaches," Pine Cottage, Yellow Springs, Ballston, Saratoga, the Falls of Niagara, most emphatically a watering place, the Wilmington Springs, &c. &c. We mention the Wilmington last, though it is this year one of the first in attraction.—New buildings have been erected during the recess, and the whole is under most excellent government. Four or five Billiard tables serve to afford pastime for the idle. We learn it is a profitable establishment. For the comfort of our fellow citizens who are absent, we may remark that every thing seems going on as well as if they were at home! There is therefore no particular occasion for their hurrying back!

*A good hit, though an old joke.*—The Southern papers now and then throw out a squib like the following—

*"How to make a Speculation.*—Melt up a silver dollar or a small gold piece; divide it into small particles by throwing it into a basin of water while hot; then scatter them about your spring, or in a branch where the road crosses it; let some of your neighbors discover them by accident; now advertise that the richest gold or silver mine, as the case may be, in the world, has been found on your land, but not knowing how to work it yourself to advantage, you are willing to sell out at a fair price. After this, if you cannot make a good speculation, you will be less fortunate than many people in the gold region."

This trick has been extensively practised in the gold and silver districts of South America, and we have heard of its being played off at a place called Pottsville.

A woman purchasing cups and saucers not more than a thousand miles from here, says a Carolina Journal, was asked what color she would have. "Why I ar'n't particular" says she, "any color that won't show dirt."

There is much instruction in the following story, which we copied out of an old book the other evening at an auction. "I saw a gentleman riding before me on a fine horse, whilst I was mounted on an ass. Ah! said I to myself, how different is my condition from his! But upon turning about my head, I saw a good

looking countryman driving a wheel-barrow before him. Oh then, said I, if I am not equal to him who goes before me, at least I am superior to him who follows me. I have found that this fable hath at certain times revived my spirits. I have wrote it on a label, and set it up in my study, that I may always remember it."

*A curious Marriage State.*—We extract the following from an English paper, to exhibit a state of things which we hope will never exist in this country. It discloses peculiarities in modes of life and acting, which are a perfect riddle to us on this side the water:—

*"Miss Paton.*—The following particulars relative to the disagreement between Lord W. Lennox and his Lady, have been obtained from a very authentic source, and we have no doubt they will prove interesting to our readers. For some time past, Lord and Lady W. Lennox have been living very unamicably, and the Lady had often declared her intention of leaving his lordship.

In the early part of last week, after an occurrence the most painful to her feelings, of which we avoid entering into particulars, her ladyship left her home, and took private lodgings in Bond street, taking with her all her most valuable property. She remained absent from his lordship four days, from Tuesday till Saturday last, when she was announced to play in *Cinderella* at Covent Garden Theatre, for the last time. On Saturday evening she came to the theatre dressed for the character of Cinderella, and played the part, but it was quite evident to the audience generally that she was laboring under feelings that indicated a lack of that spirit and energy which she was in the habit of throwing into the part. During the performance, Lord William drove up to the stage door in his carriage, and had an interview with his wife, and, it is understood, earnestly solicited her to return with him. She told him, it is said, in the presence of Colonel Berkely and other gentlemen, amongst whom was the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this statement, that his lordship's treatment had been such towards her, that she never more would return under the same roof with him. She continued in the theatre till half past one on Sunday morning, and to the entreaties of her husband, Col. Berkely, and Captain —, she was inexorable, and finally left the house in a hackney coach with her dresser, and proceeded to her lodgings in Bond street, and his lordship went home in his carriage. Subsequently efforts have been used to bring about a reconciliation; her ladyship, however, has resisted all importunities with a firmness which shows that she is determined the separation shall be final."

The following is a literal copy of a Spanish play-bill, taken at Valencia—

"To the Empress of Heaven, mother of the eternal world, polar star of Spain, consolation, faithful sentinel, and bulwark of all good Spaniards, the most holy Mary; for her benefit, and for the increase of her worship, the comedians of this city will this evening represent the heroic comedy of the Moorish kings at war with Spain."

The eight children and grand children of the Moorish Prince, have been all redeemed, at the high price of \$3100. They arrived at New York from Natchez some days ago, and are now at Brooklyn. The Colonization Society will give them a free passage to Liberia in the vessel which is to sail from Norfolk in October. The Prince, it will be recollected, returned to Mohamedanism, and died soon after his arrival in Africa.

EPITAPH IN NOTHUMBERLAND.

Here lies, to parents, friends, and country dear, A youth, who scarce had seen his 17th year; But, in that time, so much good sense had shewn, That death mistook 17 for 71.

Professor Hitchcock, in his Prize Essay, assures us—"Forty-nine fiftieths of our wines are a mixture of wine, cider, brandy, and sometimes the juice of berries, sumach, logwood, spices, aromatics, sulphur, and the leaves of plants, more or less poisonous."



*Another rummage in our Green Table-drawer.*—After completing our last article on the subjects furnished by our various correspondents, we rummaged over the whole of our by-gone letters, and assorted a whole drawer of what is termed *Balaam*, or cuttings of newspapers, reviews, and magazines, which has been very interesting in its day, but failing to "get a ride" as the Editor of the United States Gazette has it, has been gradually collecting for several years. We found the employment an interesting one, and those who wish to get a drawer of *balaam* for the entertainment of a rainy day, have only to use a pair of scissors, cutting from those papers which they peruse, such items as strike them at the time as curious or interesting. By this means those who do not choose to take the trouble of pasting into a scrap book, may yet make a very curious *essence* of newspapers. But to our correspondents, who seem, from the ponderous mass before us, likely to occupy us for to-day.

The first who claims attention is a young gentleman who has spent considerable time on the subject on which he writes; his opinions are therefore worthy of attention. We have curtailed it of some reflections on the Canal Commissioners of Pennsylvania, which we hope are undeserved.

*Mr. Editor*—It must be evident to all who have paid particular attention to the course of policy adopted by Pennsylvania with regard to internal improvements, that a desire has prevailed in the members of our legislature, to impede those operations which can have little direct effect in benefitting the section of country in which the particular voter resides. They have said in the emphatic language of *voting*, "if you will vote for my bill, I will vote for yours." This, *Mr. Editor*, is what is called, in my county, *logrolling*—it is in fact one of the most iniquitous systems to which a man can lend himself; one, however, it is, which prevails to an almost incredible extent in the Legislatures of Pennsylvania, that state which from its importance and intelligence, its great stake at risk in the business, should have been the very last to sanction such proceedings. We have now more Canals under way, or rather, to speak more correctly, *under contract*, than any other five states in the union. What is the consequence? Not one of them is finished or likely to be for many years; we are thus deprived of the income to which our enormous expenditures entitle us. No one section is benefitted, while all are taxed to bear the burden. This fact being self-evident, I wish to induce you to bend the whole force of your eloquent pen (ahem!) to induce the members of our next legislature to make some alteration in the existing state of things. Let us finish one end of our rail-road, and derive some amusement as well as toll from its construction—one end of our canals to get a little bread and butter from the neighboring counties. If we do not, my private opinion is that there will be no end to expense—before two sections are finished an intermediate one will give out and want repair. Please notice this all important subject, and oblige many besides.

DESPATCH.

We certainly are of the same opinion as our friend *Despatch*, and shall use all the influence we are master of, as we always have done, to create a revolution in this bungling business. We have very little hope, however, and those who agree with "*Despatch*" must wait. To go from grave to gay, we next give place to the following essay from a lady, who seems quite enthusiastic in her admiration of the figure called *alliteration*.

*To the Editor*—I have long been an admirer of alliteration, and have looked with a searching eye in your periodical for some examples. Having been disappointed, will you allow me first to

describe what I mean by alliteration, and then give you some examples. Alliteration is a figure or decoration of language, chiefly used in poetry, and consisting in the repetition of the same letter or letters, at certain intervals, whence its name is derived. Its use has generally been considered as trivial, or a mark of false refinement, but for the use of it we might refer to the best authority. It unquestionably facilitates the recitation of verse, contributes both to the sweetness and energy, serves to enforce the sentiment which it expresses, and aids the memory in retaining it. Shakespeare and even Spencer adopted this practice. The former says—

"Had my sweet *Harvey* had but half their numbers,

This day might I, hanging on *Hotspur's* neck  
Have talked." &c.

Milton also followed the practice—

"For eloquence the *soul*; song charms the sense."

Again—

"*Behemoth*, biggest born of earth, upheav'd  
His mistress."

Pope, too, is too frequently found framing the same figure—

"Eternal beauties grace the shining scene;  
*Fields* ever fresh, and graves forever green."

And in the following passage the alliteration is still more remarkable—

"Up the high hill he heaves the huge round stone!"

The alliteration on *Cromwell* is derived from an unknown author—

"Born amongst bakers, and by butchers bred,  
How high his honor holds his haughty head."

Gay is frequent in the use of the figure. Dryden, my favorite poet, in his ode to St. Cecilia's day, has two beautiful couplets containing alliterations—

"Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures."

And—

"Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder."

To conclude, *Mr. Editor*, will you sometimes favor us with such specimens of this art as you meet with. By so doing you will greatly oblige

CONSTANTIA.

Constantia seems to have more alliterations at her finger's ends than we should collect in a year of newspaper reading. Counsellor Phillips, by his affected mawkishness, brought this style into disrepute. If Constantia will turn to his orations she will discover enough to last her for many a long day. We remember once to have seen a spirited review of these speeches, with a caricatured specimen of the mock heroic. Though it has been a dozen or two years since we read it, we will try from memory to quote Constantia a specimen. Speaking of the poor man possessed of poverty:—"Sometimes seated beneath the shady shadow of an umbrageous tree, he calls around him his wife and the rest of his children. Here sir, he teaches them to perspire after endless felicity which shall endure forever. Here, sir, he shews them the bear, the bull, and many other bright consternations, which continually revolve upon their axletrees in the bright blue cerulean heavens above." This is more properly a specimen of inflation of style, but the alliterations are artfully arranged.

We take leave reluctantly of several more of our friendly advisers for to-day; we must say to them *adieu*.

*Compliment.*—We are fully sensible of the compliment paid us by the Editor or his type-sticker of the N. E. Weekly Review. We are sorry if we have interfered with his subscription list in his own county, but if people will prefer our

jokes to his, it is only a proof that ours are the best! We should be very loath to exchange subscription lists in New England, or to get our bread by printing such jokes as the following from his truly imitative last number—

"*Cure for Felons.*—We have just heard a new remedy for this disagreeable—which is the *State Prison*."

Like Fanny, this "was younger once than it is now, and prettier of course."

We mentioned in our last that a proposal had been started by the Editor of the Village Record, to introduce a colony of BEAVERS, and by setting them to work, make use of their skins according to circumstances. The project seems fit only to excite a smile, though probably it is quite as rational as many that are now constantly coming before the public. A writer in Poulson's Advertiser gives the subjoined facts, under the signature of "An Old Traveller," in support of the position that BEAVERS may be domesticated in the way proposed by Mr. Miner—

"By way of contributing my mite to the natural history of the Beaver, which is invited by the editor of the Record, and to mark my kind wishes for the success of any feasible plan for colonization which may produce profit in these days of enlightened speculation, at least, sufficient for the decent maintenance of a board of public officers, and a few knowing stockholders,—I will proceed to relate an anecdote illustrative of the docile, affectionate and amiable habits of a member of the family:—Twenty-five years ago, in return for a piece of red worsted binding which I gave to an Arkansas squaw, she presented me with a young beaver about the size of a cat. I was pleased with the acquisition intending eventually to present it to my old friend Peale, of the Philadelphia Museum—it had been strictly secured from its birth, but, on all occasions, it showed the strongest inclination to approach the water and make its escape; it was not mischievous, and fed kindly on Indian corn, dried pumpkin and green twigs. I carried it with me for a considerable time while navigating on several of the western rivers, and it became with me a favorite, and source of frequent amusement. At all times guarding against an escape into running or deep water, I was in the habit of indulging it with a bath whenever I encamped at night or stopped on the sand beach. I carried it in a barrel in my canoe, and to guard it from the intense heat of the sun, covered it with green branches, but these would not exclude the musquitoes, which tormented it incessantly, and to such an extent that I could not resist its plaintive moans, and at length, most reluctantly, determined to release it; I accordingly removed the leash by which it was held, and threw the beaver from me into the Mississippi, without the slightest expectation of ever seeing it again; judge then of my astonishment and delight, when, in about ten minutes, having probably floated an half mile, I heard it whine at my elbow. I extended my hand and again restored it to the barrel; and subsequently, during a thousand miles of navigation, perhaps twenty times a day, I threw it into the river, when after it became tired of its gambols, in swimming and diving, sometimes to great depths, and threshing the water with its tail, it would again come to my hand with an imploring look, to be again taken into the canoe. For near a month, after my arrival at New Orleans, I was confined to my bed by extreme illness, and did not see the Beaver; when convalescent, a friend carried me to his country house many miles from New Orleans, and one day, when asleep, suspended in a hammock across the gallery, I was aroused by the well known whine of my poor pet; it had that day been brought from the city by some of the plantation negroes, and turned loose, and in half an hour singled out its emaciated master, and appeared to shew evident symptoms of pleasure and excitement on the occasion. This animal always appeared sensible to kindness, and exhibited an instinct so acute as indeed seemed like more than half reasoning—but not sufficiently

acute, however, to escape death from the ride of a Kentucky boatman, who took it to be a straggler from some colony in the far distant west."

The Editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser very justly remarks, "We must be permitted to conduct our own business. Our correspondent does not seem to be aware, that any Editor who should struggle to please every body, every day, would find himself in a lunatic asylum in a week."

FOR THE ARIEL.

#### DIARY OF A HEATED MAN.

Rose at seven, after an almost sleepless night—heat excessive—no appetite for breakfast—too hot to shave—went to a barber; the rascal had a fire in his chimney to heat his water—hot as a steam boat—went to another. Every body one meets has but "one idea"—therefore avoid them. Mr. Cheesetoaster exclaims "Its very warm"—Mr. Burnham thinks its "A warm day"—Mr. Nobody is of opinion that "its no cooler"—Mrs. Botherum declares "she certainly shall liquify!"—Mr. Buttonhole pokes his oniony mouth into your face, and communicates the important information that "it gets quite warm." Every body is possessed—cant get anything else out of even the real quidnuncs, except that "its very warm." Return home—try to read the newspapers—they are too full of the heat and dying—its absolutely enough to kill a man to hear and read so much of the heat—tried the cold bath, but it is too hot—wonder how the fishes make out now-a-days—reckon they think its quite warm, like the rest of us. Lay down on the matting in the parlor with a roundabout for a pillow—got into a dose, and dreamed of how hot it is; no wonder, for on waking, find myself liquified—absolutely running away—got out of the premises as soon as possible—again attacked by every body with the eternal "its very warm"—tried mineral water—felt really hotter—tried punch at Inslee's—hotter still—ordered a bath with ice in it at Swain's—but it was really so hot their ice had all melted—moved down to the Camden steam boat—"Very hot day," says the fireman as I passed by his quarters—boat seems as if it never would start—the hot stream of air from the fire is absolutely killing—boat moved, but every breath of air seems to come from off the boiler—Camden is hot as Singapore—couldnt reach the tavern for the hot sun—returned too early for dinner—house felt hotter than ever—lay down on sofa—the stuffing seemed made of baked grass, it was so hot—got a short nap—went to dinner—everything so hot it was impossible to eat—the wine heated the ice water, and I gave up in despair. Took a nap after dinner, and woke again in the state of the steam boat fireman, covered with perspiration. Tried to drink tea, but it never would cool—tasted a cup of milk, but it was sour from the heat. Smoked a cigar, but it was heat itself. Ordered a water melon—it had not recovered from its native air, and was as hot as a nine pin alley.

At last, wearied with my various expedients for relief, I went to bed—the sheets certainly had just come from the hands of the ironer—moved from one room to another, but they were all alike, except that the last was the hottest—went into the bath, and let the water run in & out—got a little cool—tried the sofa, but it felt like a gridiron heated for beef steaks. I wandered about in this manner during most of the night, and at last summoned up courage to try employment and write my troubles, but it is still so hot that the pen falls from my hand, and I have fully made up my mind that it is "quite a warm spell."



*Travelling.*—We solicited several individuals in the early part of the season, who were about to take excursions into the interior, to supply us with a few notes of what fell under their observation. Indolence in some, and want of time in others, has heretofore prevented us from presenting our readers with these traveller's tales. To day, however, we insert a short account of a visit to Baltimore and Bedford Springs, which will not be unacceptable to our tarry-at-home travellers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

BEDFORD, Pa., July 25th.

DEAR SIR—On leaving our delightful Philadelphia, I promised to write you a journal of my adventures, but the little leisure I have yet had, surrounded as I was during the whole route with new scenes, prevented me from accomplishing what I thought a task of remarkable ease. Arrived at the springs, near this place, I am seated to embody my promise in the shape of a letter. The route by the canal to Baltimore is accomplished now with remarkable comfort and ease. Guided partly by the popular current, and partly by a wish to see the splendid boat the *Carroll*, I took passage in the Citizens' Line, and when I say it possesses every requisite for the convenience of the traveller, I would not wish to derogate from the rival Union Line, which is also, I am informed, every thing that could be desired. The public, however, have an idea that in old times, when they had no opposition line, they charged too much—the price has come down from seven dollars to three, and it is but fair to suppose that the opposition has had something to do with the reduction.—But let that pass; with Baltimore, a stranger cannot fail of being pleased. Its public buildings evince a degree of enterprise perfectly amazing, and probably unrivalled for cost and extent by any other city of the same size in the world. But it is to the Rail Road, now in progress towards Ohio, that we are to look for a sample of the prodigious enterprise of Baltimore. It cannot cost much less than ten millions of money, and when completed, will give the place decided advantages over her rivals.—A ride on it to Ellicott's Mills, 13 miles, I pronounce emphatically "worth a voyage across the Atlantic." The cars are handsome, and the motion as agreeable as you can conceive. About 300 persons travel this distance and back daily, for only one dollar! The excavations, embankments and bridges, are truly surprising. The deep cut of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal is rivalled by the enormous chasms which have been excavated on this route. Do, Mr. Editor, find time to see this splendid work.—The exchange, the churches, and the private dwellings, are alone worth the journey, if you have never seen them. Numerous good hotels welcome the traveller, and give him all that he can ask for in the way of eatables. From Baltimore I took stage for Gettysburg, passing through several pleasant places, among which I must not neglect Westminster and Littlestown. Westminster is a neat, handsome town in Maryland, containing a Bank in excellent credit, numerous private dwellings of neat exterior, and two of the best hotels I ever entered.—There is a great rivalry between the two; for dinner they each charge only 37½ cents, and give you as delicious a repast as you ever sat down to. They are handsomely furnished, with landscape paper, rich china, ice, &c. &c. On the whole, Westminster and its vicinity makes a very favorable impression on the traveller. Littlestown appears to be improving, and does considerable business.

At Gettysburg you are again in Pennsylvania, and are set down at the stage tavern kept by a widow lady with all the comfort so desirable to

the weary. This place has also a Bank, and is built in the form of a hollow square with the court house in the centre. It carries on a successful business with the neighboring country, and sends to Baltimore large quantities of manufactured hats and leather. It is supposed the present census will shew a very large increase of population.

The ride from Gettysburg to Chambersburg is over the South Mountain, and through a fine section of Franklin County, presenting hill and dale, with cultivated farms equal in extent to any in the state. The farmers have got in one of the richest crops of grain ever remembered, and should be the happiest people on earth.

Chambersburg presents the appearance of a wealthy inland city. A very handsome Bank and tavern strike you favorably, and the provender and attention administered to us by my host, were most cooling and grateful. I visited the extensive factory of edge tools of Dunlop, Madeira, & Co., who vend a better article than can be imported, and employ from forty to sixty hands. Their articles are sent to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, where they have a decided preference over European goods.

There is also here a large oil mill, grist mills, a manufactory of machine cards on a plan invented by a Mr. Faber, which for ingenuity is said to exceed anything of the kind in the world. He thinks our patent laws so unable to protect the patentee, that he declines taking one out and exposing his invention. He thinks the best patent consists in secrecy, and therefore admits very few visitors. I was among the favored few, and really I never saw so perfect and complicated an apparatus. The Yankees have no chance along side of it—many of them would give thousands to get a peep at what my dunderhead could not comprehend. A straw paper manufactory, owned by Mr. G. A. Shryock, is worth visiting, though, without an introduction, it is extremely difficult to get in, as he has been overrun by visitors. My informant stated it to be the largest paper mill in the Union, turning out about sixty miles of paper daily, on the new continuous principle. Time not permitting me to visit it, and not liking the prospect of "no admittance," I proceeded on my journey over the mountains, the view from the tops of which is magnificent, particularly the one looking down upon McConnellstown. This neat town looks like a pigeon house, so great is the elevation. No Philadelphian who travels, should leave his own state before he has traversed it from east to west. There is not a finer member of the Union, nor one which possesses more substantial resources for greatness and wealth. I am now comfortably located at the Springs, to describe which would fill another letter. I have exhausted my paper, and probably your patience, and will therefore only subscribe myself your friend,

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentleman who writes so fluently on the subject of intemperance should have a place in our columns if we had nothing else to print.—But five or six letter sheets would shut out all variety. The five reasons why men drink are all we can promise to insert, and for fear even that should be forgotten we give at once:—

"If on my theme I rightly think,  
There are five reasons why men drink;  
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,  
Or lest I should be by and by,  
Or any other reason why."

Many correspondents request us, if we do not approve their communications, to say nothing about them. We generally comply with their requests; and give them credit for their good intentions.

## HUMOROUS.

### THE CENSUS.

As the officers of Government all over the country are at this moment engaged in taking the Census, we present our readers with a delightful scene on the subject from the Baltimore Minerva.

#### TAKING THE CENSUS.

Mr. Note'm. Who resides here ma'am?

Mrs. O'Flynn. And faith it's myself, sir.

N. And, pray, what's your name, good woman?

O'F. My name's not good woman if you please, sir; my grandfather was Corporal O'Callaghan, of the Brave seventy-fourth; and my father sold sausages to mony a better man than yourself.

N. But will you be kind enough to tell me your name ma'am, since you're mistress of the house?

O'F. I mistress of the house! Och, botheration to ye, the house belongs to no one but Mr. Cobblebotham, and it is every blessed week that I'm obliged to pony down the shiners for the rent.

N. But your name—your name.

O'F. Mistress Margaret O'Flynn, at your service.

N. And who's your husband?

O'F. Who's my husband did you say? It's nobody but Teddy O'Flynn; he that does jontlemans work by the day.

N. What kind of work's that?

O'F. Walking about the streets with his hands in his pockets.

N. But who is the head of the family?

O'F. Och! bless ye honey—it's all head and no head—they're all for themselves.

N. How many are there in your family?

O'F. Is it that you wish to know? If you've got a piece of chalk, I'll tell you sir in the twinkling of a bed-post. Let me see—there's Luke Laney, and his gang of waddlers, that's fourteen; there's Paddy O'Roke, his wife and twelve children—there's Jeni McGoggles, the well digger, and Jenmy O'Reilly, the hog-trotter, there's my seven daughters and their husbands, and betwixt them, twenty as sweet little ones, as you'd wish to clap your own ugly eyes upon—and there's myself and Teddy and our five sons, with their wives and twenty-three young'ns—besides six lodgers and fourteen boarders.

N. Please to name them over again, Mrs. Flynn.

O'F. Botheration to you, sir—but I'll leave that for you to do; my time is worth more than your questions—so I'll be off to the suds again.

N. But, Mrs. Flynn, you must answer my questions—I am authorized to take the census in this district.

O'F. Och! murther, mister, you're not a going to take my *senses* from me. What right have you to inquire into my concerns?

N. I am appointed to—

O'F. Get away with you—you're a constable, and have come to *level* upon our property, but, by the mother of Moses, you don't do it my honey. I'm a bit of a knowing one, and if you aint off in a short time, by the powers, I'll have Teddy down upon you.

N. (*retreating towards the door.*) But, my good woman, hear me. My business is to take the number of inhabitants residing in this neighborhood.

O'F. Is that all? If you'll reckon up these chalk marks, as I named the souls before, you'll see there's just one hundred and twenty of us; as happy a family as any this side the sun; except when Teddy gets short of whiskey—then we're all at loggerheads.

N. How many of you are under the age of one year?

O'F. Now that's a pretty question to ask—we have so many little ones, and they don't stop coming at all at all, that not a soul thinks of keeping the tally of their ages. Faith! you can save yourself much trouble by putting us down at any age you please, for de il a bit

will my old fayther tell me when I was born, because he knows nothing about it, having been five years in the East Indies when I first entered this blessed world.

N. Never mind, Mrs. Flynn, I have not time to listen to your history. You say there are one hundred and twenty in your family—are you sure there are no more?

O'F. Yes,—there's the brindle cow, the old sow and thirteen pigs, with the exception of some more next fall; and there's Teddy's dog Trowser.—

N. Pshaw!—I mean human beings.

O'F. Faith, dogs are sometimes more humane beings than any of your like.

N. What trade or profession does your husband follow?

O'F. Bless ye, sir—he's a jontleman when he's got nothing to do, which is pretty much the case always. He was brought up a well-digger, until too much water made him sick, when he turned to scavengering and making a good penny by speculating on hog swill, and other commodities in his line. Perhaps the jontleman wants a load of swill?

N. Not now, Mrs. O'Flynn. What is your business, ma'am?

O'F. Och!—I take in washing by the month or piece, and sometimes hire myself out as a nurse. I also makes sausages and blood puddings, and speculate on dead meat.

N. Dead meat!—what's that?

O'F. I buy and sell, or turn to mince meat, the flesh of such animals as die in the natural way.

N. I like your candor, ma'am—but take care you're not detected in your honorable profession.

O'F. And is it yourself that says so? Mony a better one than Margaret O'Flynn has made an honest shilling by stuffing sausages with dyed meat. Out with ye, ye black-guard!—I'll have nothing to do with your *senses*—if nature ever blessed you with any.

N. But Mrs. O'Flynn, my business—

O'F. Take that, Mr. Inquisitive.—(*shuts the door in his face.*)

## VARIETIES.

When Lord Thurlow was created a Peer, the proper officer of the Herald's College waited on him for his pedigree, that it might be presented to the House of Peers in the customary manner. Lord Thurlow's stern nature could never yield to any exposure of the meanness of his origin, for his father was an honest weaver of Norwich. The oft-repeated question respecting his father was at last varied by the herald to "what was your mother's name?" "I cannot tell," was the only surly reply, and this reply is now recorded in the House of Peers instead of a long pedigree.

There are three requisites to form conjugal happiness, prudence, good-nature, and love. Prudence and good-nature are very different things, and not under command; but, whenever they appear, love is as sure to follow, as the chaise the horses. When this trio meet, happiness will grow with time, and like the oak, flourish in old age. No decays of beauty, or of health; no mutilations of body, or wrinkles in the face can diminish it. But if we look into the world we shall find the mathes of this amiable description almost as thinly scattered as the righteous men in Sodom.

Hair powder was first introduced by ballad singers at the fair of St. Germaine, in the year 1641. In the beginning of the reign of George I. only two ladies wore powder in their hair, and they were pointed at for their singularity. At the coronation of George II. there were only two hair dressers in London. In the year 1795, it was calculated that there were in the kingdom of Great Britain, fifty thousand hair dressers! Supposing each of them to use one pound of flour in a day—this upon an average would amount to 18,250,000 pounds in one year, which would make 5,314,130 quarter loaves, which at only nine-pence each, amounts to £1,146,420 British money. This statement does not take in the quantity of flour used by the soldiers, or that which is consumed by those who dress their own hair.



From the London New Monthly Magazine for June.

## FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES.

SCENE—The Family Mansion.

MR. MRS. AND MISS LONG.

MISS LONG.

Not go to town this spring, Papa!  
Mamma! not go to town!  
I never knew you so unkind,  
You chill me with that frown.  
May sweet Mamma, indulge your pet,  
Entreat Papa to go—  
Ah! now I see you're weeping too,  
We shall succeed, I know.

MRS. LONG.

Alas! my child, I've done my best,  
And argued all day long;  
But men are always obstinate,  
Especially when wrong;  
'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,  
Not for myself, alas!  
But when I married, had I known—  
—No matter—let that pass!

MR. LONG.

My dear, you know that I abhor  
These silly discontents;  
You're quite absurd; why don't you make  
The people pay their rents?  
I can't afford to take a house—  
Nay don't put on that sneer;  
For once be happy where you are,  
We'll go to town next year.

MISS LONG.

Next year, Papa! next year, Mamma!  
You know I'm thirty-two,  
(I call myself but twenty-six,  
So this is *entre nous*.)  
Next year I shall be thirty-three—  
I've not a day to lose,  
Oh, let us go to town at once,  
I'm lost if you refuse.

MRS. LONG.

Your conduct, sir, is most absurd,  
We went last year in June,  
But Fanny had not a fair chance,  
You took us home so soon.  
Sir Charles was evidently struck,  
I'm sure he would have *popp'd*.  
But then he saw no more of us,  
And so the matter dropt.

MR. LONG.

For sixteen springs to town she went,  
When town began to fill,  
And sixteen summers she return'd,  
A flirting spinster still!  
And now the times are very bad,  
And tenants in arrears,  
Dear love! I really can't afford  
To go to town this year.

MRS. LONG.

Dear love, indeed! I ask you, Sir,  
Has any one man got  
One single sixpence he can spare?  
I answer he has not.  
Yet in *haut ton* arrivals, still  
I see each neighbor's name;  
If other paupers go to town,  
Why can't we do the same?

MISS LONG.

Does not the Opera contain  
Its customary squeeze?  
Have not the groves of Kensington  
Gay groups beneath the trees?  
At Almack's, happy radiant eyes  
Outshine the chandeliers;  
And when I think of Dear Hyde Park,  
I can't restrain my tears.

MRS. LONG.

Of course, my dear! you stay with us?

MR. LONG.

Why no, my love! not so;  
My duties Parliamentary,  
Force me, alas! to go.

MRS. LONG.

You can't afford a house in town?

MR. LONG.

No, sweetest! there's the rub;  
But I shall sleep at Batt's, you know,  
And dine, love, at the Club.

MRS. LONG.

The Club! I hate that odious word.  
The bane of wedded life;

Oh! well the roving husband fares,  
But chops may serve the wife!  
And then the thing's a vile excuse,  
Which we must take perforce;  
"Where have you been this afternoon?"  
"Oh!—at—the Club"—of course!

MISS LONG.

I hate them all! but I abhor  
The Athenaeum most;  
They ask the *Ladies* Wednesday nights!  
'Tis all a braggart boast:  
To show the gilt and *or molu*  
Each eager member strives,  
And eagers to say, "Snug quarters these,  
What can we want with wives?"

MRS. LONG.

Come, dearest Fanny! dry your eyes;  
A *lette rouge* put on;  
I'll order you a sweet chapau  
From Maradan Carson.  
The Races and the Arches  
Will very soon be here;  
Cheer up my love! you shan't be vex'd,  
Well go to town next year.

## HINDU WOMEN.

The forms of the women of the high castes are delicate and graceful: their limbs finely tapered and rounded: their eyes dark and languishing: their hair fine and long: their complexions glowing, as if they were radiant; and their skins remarkably polished and soft.—The only feature about them that does not quite harmonize with European notions of female symmetry, is the size and projection of their ears; but, with this exception, nothing can be more light and sylphlike than a genuine Hindu beauty.—Their dress is very elegant, and upon a fine form is more classical than the fashionable bundles of knots, tatters, and head dresses, as the umbrella over a palanquin, which in the present year, 1830, give the belles of England an outline, which if it should please nature to fill up with flesh and blood, would certainly render them of all created beings the most shapeless, or at any rate the most unmeaning in shape, either for use or ornament.

The close part of the Hindu female dress is a jacket with half sleeves, which fits tight to the shape and covers but does not conceal the bust, and this in females of rank is made of rich silk. The remainder of the dress is the sholice, a large piece of silk or cotton, which is wrapped round the middle; and contrived to fall in graceful folds, till it be below the ankle on one leg, while it shows a part of the other. It is gathered into a bunch in front, and the upper end crosses the breast, and is thrown forward again over the shoulder, or over the head like a veil.

The hands and feet are always adorned with rings and other ornaments; and sometimes a jewel is worn from the nose. Even the working-girls have their anklets and armlets of tin, glass, brass, or tutenag, and sometimes of silver. The higher classes wear a kind of slippers or sandals, which are long, turned up and sometimes ornamented at the points; but the poorer classes go barefooted. The ornaments that are worn upon the person are the only costly articles in the establishment of a Hindu, but they are of a nature not soon to wear out, and they never become unfashionable.

## CAUTION TO TIPLING HUSBANDS.

We have been informed, says a late London paper, that during the severe frost which took place about a month ago, a lively lass who had been married about a year and a half before to a young farmer, on the borders of Romney Marsh, was much scandalized at her husband going to the public house, and staying rather too late when he was there.

Several little conjugal expostulations having failed of producing an alteration, the lady in a moment of passion, declared positively that if it occurred again she would throw the baby (an infant four months old, of which he was very fond) into the military canal, and herself in after it. Not dreaming she would

carry her threat into execution, a few days had only elapsed when the

"Iron tongue of midnight had told twelve,"

before Mr. ——— knocked at his own door. His wife let him in herself, and without saying a syllable, set down the candle, walked deliberately to the cradle, snatched up the unconscious little innocent sleeping within it, and rushed out of the house. It is hardly necessary to say that the alarmed husband ran hastily after, but so sudden had been her movement, that she had gained a considerable start, and the canal being but a few yards from the dwelling, reached the towing path before he could overtake her. He was just in time to seize and save her from self-destruction, but the poor little thing was already in the middle of the water, at that spot about four feet deep, and he could witness its struggles by the light of the moon. In an instant he threw himself in, and grasping the night-gown which had prevented its wearer from sinking, brought safely to the bank—the *cut*!—dressed in little Polly's bed-clothes, exceedingly wet, and now mewing piteously. His spouse, in the mean time, had regained her own door, which was not opened till he had plenty of time to enjoy all the comforts of his situation. Before, however, he was quite an icicle, admission was vouchsafed, but the story of his self-inflicted ducking having got wind, no further stratagem was necessary to wean the swain from his *symposium*, the jokes of his convivial acquaintance being sufficient to prevent him again partaking their revels.

A Colonel Rebsomen has arrived in England who, although possessed of one arm only is a distinguished flute player, vying, we understand, even with Diouet. The history of this gentleman is rather remarkable. During the peninsular war his leg was shot off in battle where he was engaged. He was conveyed from the field, and the man upon whose shoulders he was borne, had his head struck off by a ball, which carried away the colonel's arm at the same time. Being an accomplished flutist he has invented and made with his own hand a flute, on which he now plays; it has thirteen keys, and is a most extraordinary piece of mechanism. Col. Rebsomen, although not a professional musician, has the appointment of leader of the Dutches de Berri's band; and he visits this country with letters of introduction from the Duke of Orleans to his Majesty.

From the New York American.

The Duke of Clarence, who succeeds to the Throne of England, in the event of the death of the present King, must be now in the 63rd year of his age. The Princess Victoria, daughter of the late Duke of Kent, who, after the Duke of Clarence, is the heir presumptive to the Crown, is in the eleventh year of her age, and is already nearly as great a favourite with the English people as was the lamented wife of Prince Leopold.

Her acquisitions and accomplishments are said to be quite uncommon for such a child, and her temper and manners have been highly extolled. The present heir is represented as being of a haughty and morose disposition—"neither seeking nor obtaining from those around him admiration nor respect." If so he must differ very much from the rest of the family, who, whatever may be their personal character in other respects, have never been charged with want of manners. There are those in this city who recollect the Duke of Clarence when a midshipman of the British navy, as a lively and frolicsome boy. At the very time that his flirtations here with some of the belles of that day were assuming so grave a character that the Admiral under whom he sailed thought it necessary to interdict the ladies of the city from dancing with his royal highness, the brother to the first gentleman in the world was skating with the boys of the city behind where the hospital is now situated, with a sergeant's guard as an escort tagging at his heels.

## AN OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,  
Some thy straggler of the ideal world.

CHINESE MAXIMS FOR WOMEN.—Employment is the guardian of female innocence. Do not allow women to be idle; let them be the first dressed and the last undressed all the year round.

The pearls and precious stones, the silk and glory with which a coquette so studiously be-decks herself, are as transparent varnish, which makes all her defects the more apparent.

A hopeful reliance a family has on a girl with carmine lips and painted cheeks! The more she resembles an idol, the less should be the number of her worshippers.

Bilings, a noted singing master and composer, who flourished in the land of steady habits some thirty years ago, not only adopted music to words but words to music. Among his happiest efforts was the following couplet—

"Pharaoh was a rascal,  
Because he would not let the children of Israel  
go three days' journey in the Wilderness to  
keep the Paschal."

If that philosophy be as true as it is beautiful, which teaches us that the spirits of the dead are the viewless ministers and the watchers of the living—attending and holy spirits—watching over frail mortality, and lingering around the places of their olden home—then would one tear shed in the deep sincerity of bereaved affection—one sigh from the full heart of sorrow—be far more acceptable to the parted spirit than the nodding plume and the gay escutcheon, and all the pomp and circumstance of human splendor.

THE MOORISH GATHERING SONG.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Chains in the cities! gloom in the air!  
Come to the hills! fresh breezes are there:  
Silence and fear in the rich orange bowers:  
Come to the rocks, where freedom hath towers.  
Come from the Darro!—changed is its tone;  
Come where the streams no bondage have known:  
Wildly and proudly, foaming they leap,  
Singing of Freedom from steep to steep!  
Come from Alhambra!—garden and grove  
Now may not shelter beauty or love;  
Blood on the waters! death midst the flowers!  
Only the rock and the spear are ours.

ORIGIN OF LETTERS.—One Peter Dobell, a traveller in China, gives the following account of the origin of letters among Europeans. A Chinese, having, as his custom was, walked out one day with a book in his hand, after being tired with reading, laid down the volume, and placing a stone on it, fell asleep. He awoke and went home, but forgot the book. It remained there for several years, until every part was destroyed except twenty-four letters covered with the stone. These a monkey afterwards found, and not being able to read them, he presented them to the Europeans, who formed their language with them.

DEATH AND THE WORLD.

I call the World a gay, good world,  
Of its smiles and bounties free;  
But Death, alas! is the king of this world.  
And it holds a grave for me.  
The World hath gold—it is bright and red:  
It hath love, and the love is sweet;  
And praise like the song of a lovely lute—  
But all those with Death must meet.  
Death will rust the gold, and the fervid love  
He will bury beneath dark mould;  
And the praise he will put in an epitaph,  
Written on marble cold!

The almost incredible fact has been stated, that an increase of productive power, through the aid of steam and improved mechanism, within the last forty years, is equal to an additional supply of labor, of six hundred millions of men.

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